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Vol. 16 No. 3 75p

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N U D E

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AND FINALLY RETURNING TO A CIVILIZATION
FAR MORE HOSTILE THAN ANY JUNGLE

NUDE THE NEW ALBUM AND CASSETTE FROM CAMEL,
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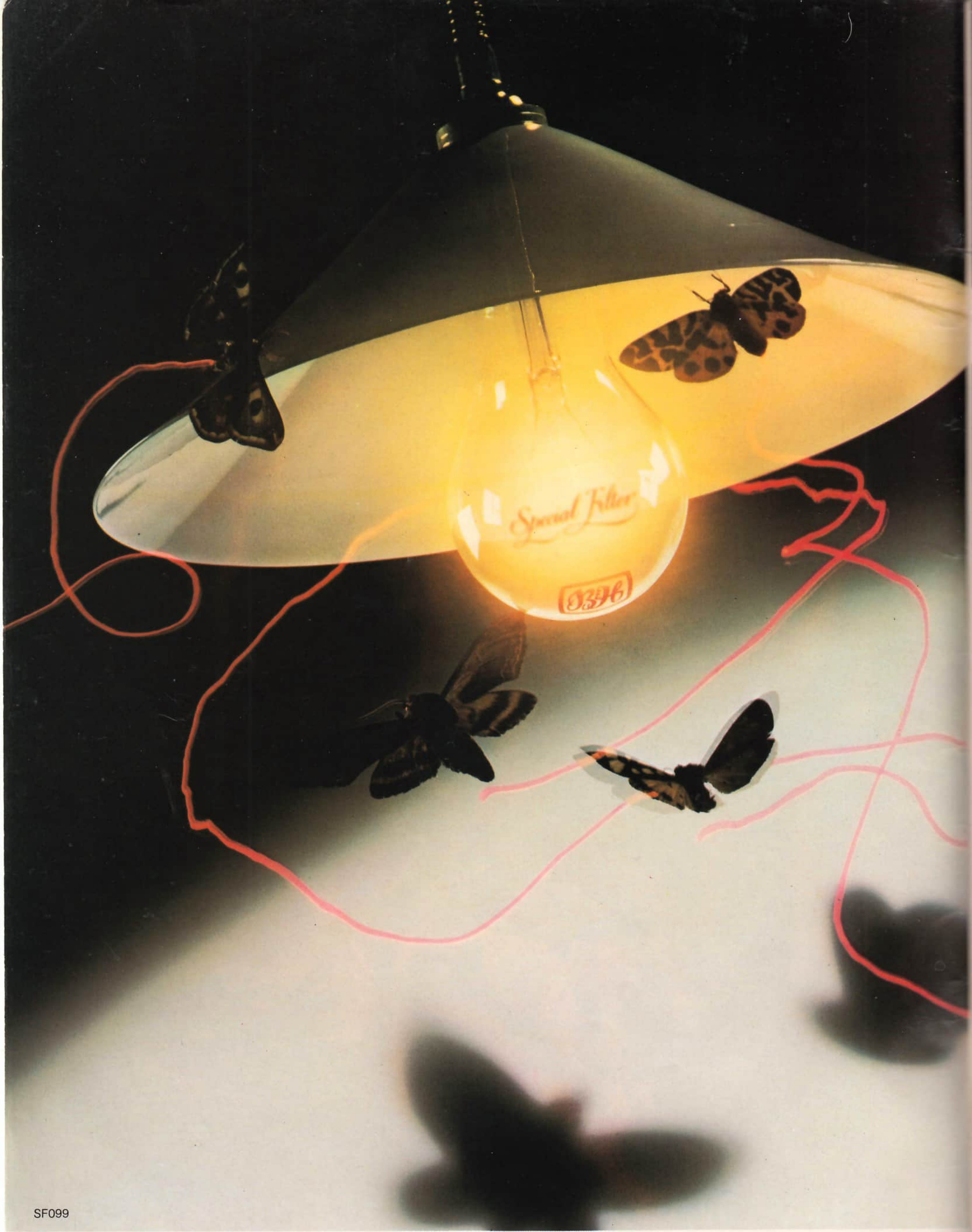
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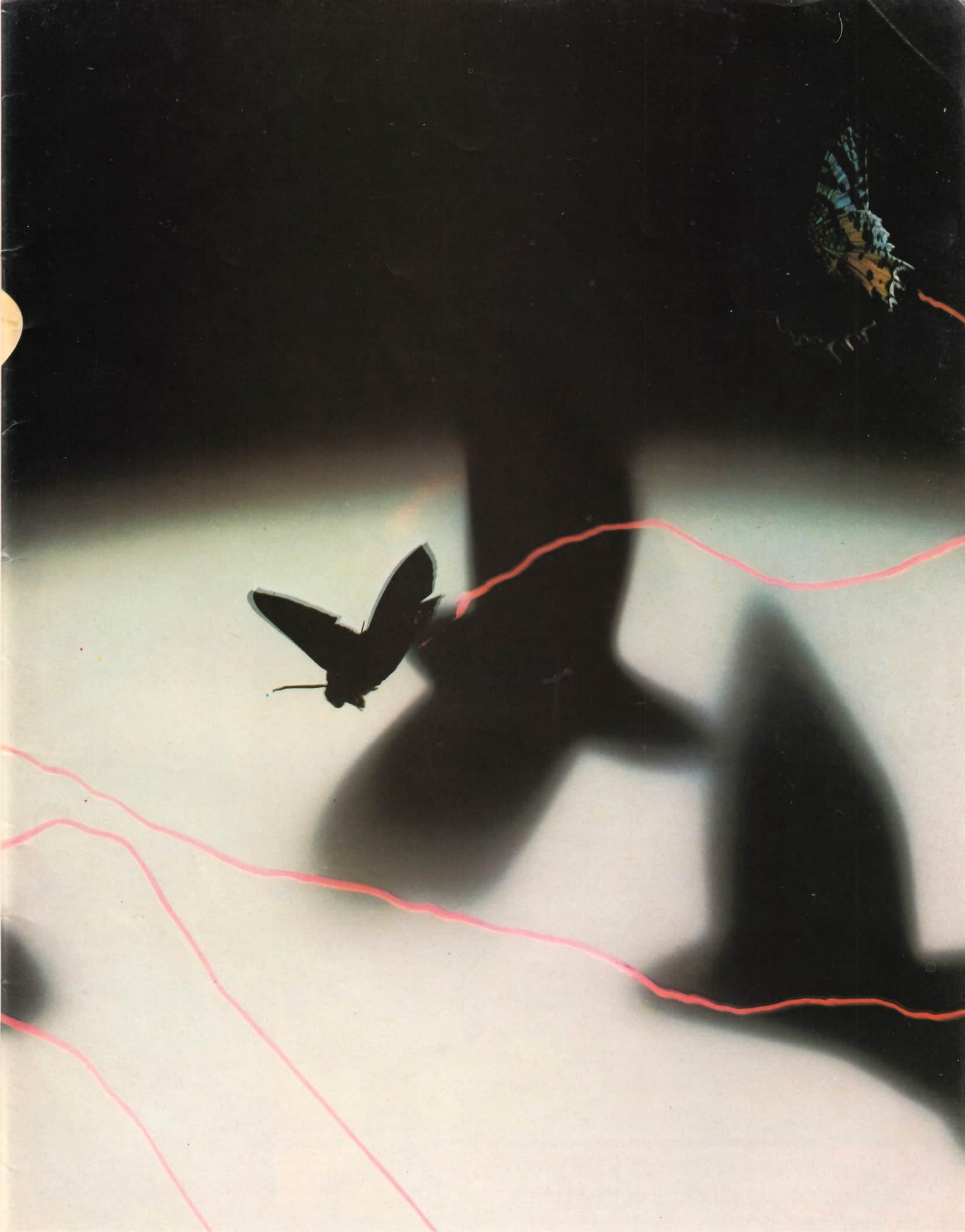

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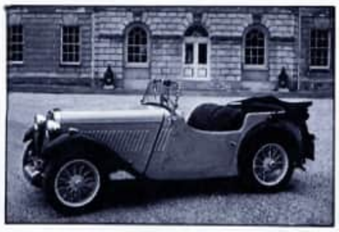

*Angelic Anne, page 51. Noteworthy Singers, page 62*

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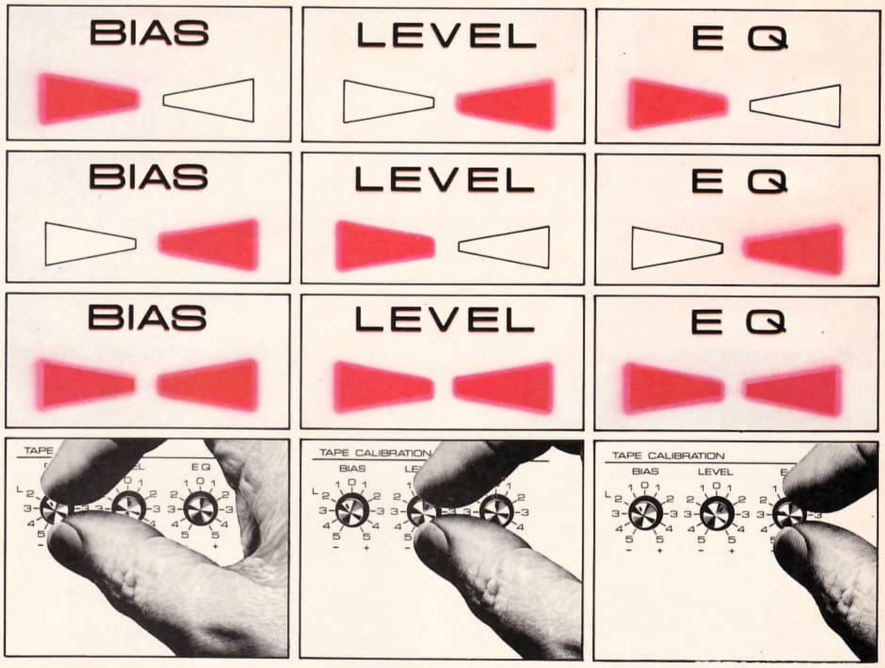
Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Production Editor **Peter Wilton** / Features Editor **Phil Cazaly** / Chief Sub-Editor **Martin Burr** / Motoring **William Boddy** Books **Arthur Pottersman** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Clubs **Kenneth Dowd** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printing and Binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Anstey, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright – Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

# TWIST THE TRUTH



No two brands of cassettes are the same. Because every length of tape varies slightly in character.

Usually identified by differing requirements in bias, level and equalisation. (All necessary evils in magnetic recording).

The fact that there are variations between brands is not that surprising.

What is more surprising, is that variations exist even between cassettes that look identical.

For that reason, the optimum performance can only be achieved from any given tape, if the bias, level and equalisation are individually set.

An impossible operation on '99.9%' of all cassette decks.

And as the number of tapes on the market multiplies, the likelihood of a cassette deck doing justice to every one gets less and less.

Three-point-turn with a difference.

Needless to say, at Pioneer we have the answer. Three independent controls for bias, level and equalisation.

Otherwise known as the EqLB tuning system on our CT-F 1250 cassette deck.

An extremely accurate system that's suitable for all types of tape. From metal to chrome to standard.

Once the tape is inserted in the deck you twist the controls.

You'll know you've reached the optimum level for the tape you're using, because that's when both lights glow red simultaneously.

Set all three and you're ready to record. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Rock steady quartz timing.

The EqLB system is not the only feature which makes the CT-F 1250 one of the world's most advanced cassette decks.

The closed-loop dual capstan with automatic tapeslack cancellor, as well as being a mouthfull, is the most effective system yet for controlling wow/flutter and tape jitter.

Without it, the CT-F 1250 wouldn't be able to compete with open reels for accuracy.

With it, the quartz direct drive DC motor keeps wow and flutter down to a miniscule 0.03% WRMS (0.12% DIN).

The drive and tension capstans are looped by a sub-belt, so that they rotate at exactly the same speed.

Keeping the tape at the right tension to avoid slack or stretching.

So that recorded signals retain the same pitch from one end of the tape to the other.

There's also a second DC motor for fast forward and rewind functions.

Keeping one step ahead.

Using the theory that two heads are better than one, we've taken the point of view that three heads are better than two.

The recording and playback heads are both made from the same ferrite based material called Uni-X'Tal.

Which boasts much higher electrical

# AND EVERYTHING SOUNDS PERFECT.

and anti-wear characteristics than ordinary ferrite or sendust.

Also the two heads allow for instant monitoring and various musical benefits: a flatter and wider frequency response (25Hz to 18kHz ± 3dB), low distortion and an exceptional 69dB signal-to-noise ratio with Dolby* on.

Window shopping for rollers.

The third head is a Pioneer exclusive. A compact 'small window' erase head that eliminates low frequency 'hangover' by wiping clean the tape twice on each pass.

It's unique, in that, it utilises the two smallest windows that expose the tape at the open end of a cassette.

Leaving the two larger windows on the outside, free to accept pinch rollers for added stability to the tape movement.

This along with the electronic memory control provides the little touch that helps prevent tapes turning into spaghetti inside the deck.

But enough of all these facts about the CT-F 1250.

Visit your local Pioneer dealer for a demonstration. Nothing compares to actually listening to it.

Now, we wouldn't lie to you would we?

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Lab. Inc.

PIONEER STEREO CASSETTE TAPE DECK CT-F1250
0493
3-HEAD
DOLBY SYSTEM

To: Pioneer High Fidelity (GB) Ltd, P.O. Box 108, Iver, Bucks. SL0 9JL. I'd like more information on the CT-F 1250 cassette deck. Please send me the Pioneer catalogue and a list of dealers.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

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**PIONEER®**

Everything you hear is true.

# SCENE

We were delighted to be able to get vivacious Helena Hunt to pose for our cover this month, as she is in great demand for modelling work and her 35–24–35 figure has appeared in many national newspapers in fashion and glamour shots. But unfortunately for us all Helena will not do nude or topless work.
Another disappointment for all us males is that she has decided to remain a bachelor girl until she has reached the top of the modelling tree, which we are sure will not take very long as she already holds the titles of Miss British Isles, Miss Merseyside and Miss Ideal Homes.
Helena, who will be 24 this month, lives at Little Neston, near The Wirral in Cheshire.

If you're still trying to lose those few extra pounds you put on at Christmas with too many after dinner mints and too many glasses of port, *The Dieter's Guide To Weight Loss After Sex* might come in handy. At least it will make you laugh enough to forget your weight problem.
This paperback by Richard Smith is a companion volume to his *Dieter's Guide To Weight Loss During Sex* which told us how many calories we burn in all sorts of sexual situations from pleading for mercy after premature ejaculation to putting on a condom.
The new guide, published by Souvenir Press at £1.95 is just as funny and full of fascinating information. For example, did you know that you burn up 17 calories asking a neighbour to return your lawnmower? And being bleeped by an airport metal detector can burn up 18 calories, or 57 if you are naked at the time. And even after sex you can lose 365 calories – if you roll over in bed and hit the wet spot.

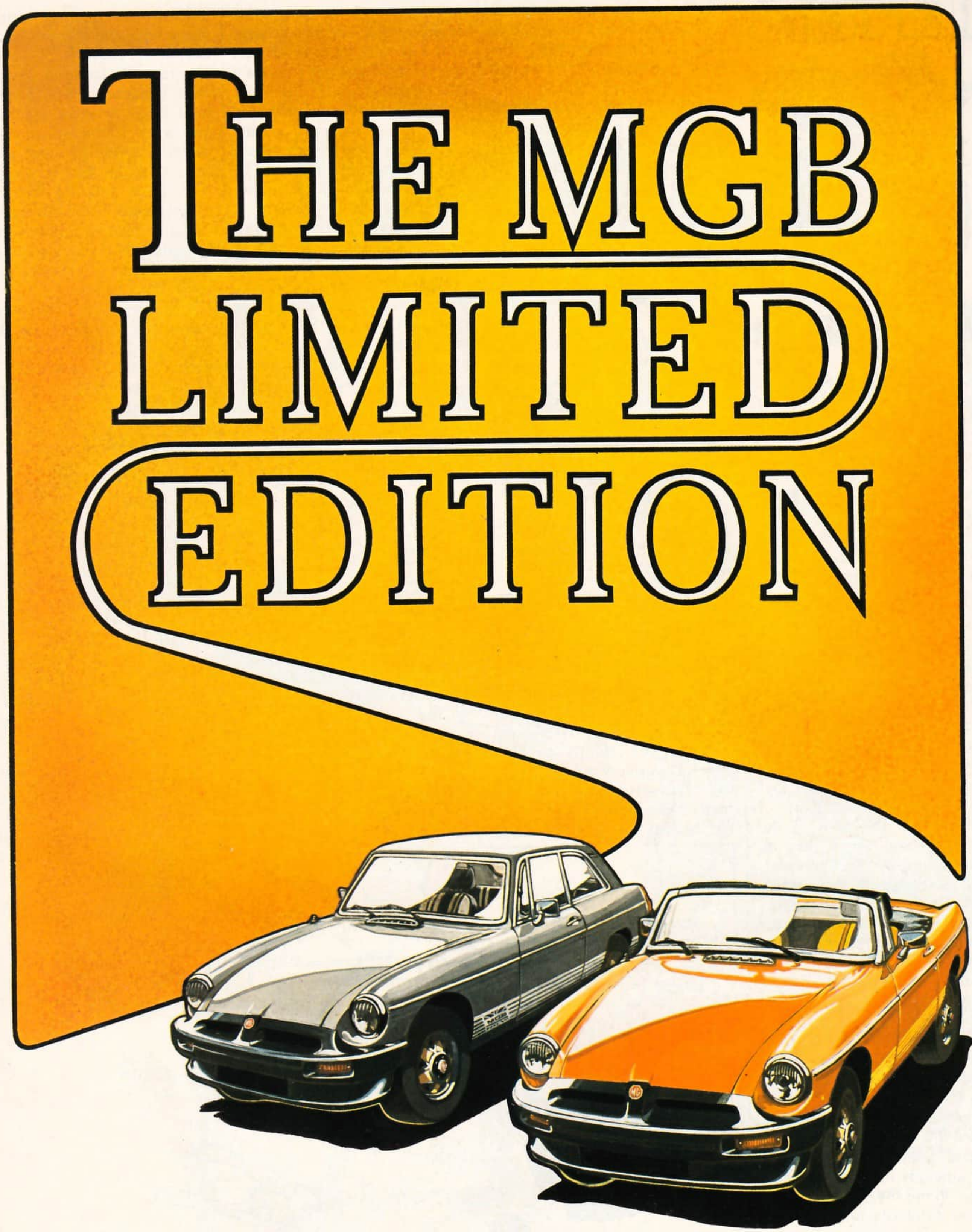
We can happily settle a bet this month between two rival readers. Long time reader Jim Watts writing from Cheltenham said 'Please can you confirm what I know to be a fact. There is £10 on the result. I say you definitely carried a picture in the magazine of a girl who posed nude in sight of St Paul's. My friend John, who is a more recent reader, says I am inventing it.'
We're happy to tell Jim Watts that he is £10 better off. Two years ago this month we published in Vol 14 No 3 two photographs of Elizabeth Hogben which were taken in London streets using well known places as backgrounds.
Elizabeth told us: 'My greatest ambition in life is to appear nude in *Mayfair* and to know that your 2 million readers are gazing at my naked body.' We felt that we could never cap for sheer cheek, so to speak, these outdoor photographs with our own interior shooting. However, we are happy to mark the anniversary of Elizabeth's appearance with four more photographs of her around town. Yes, that really is Buckingham Palace, Big Ben and St Paul's in the background.

You will notice that Carrie our zany stripgirl doesn't appear in this month's *Mayfair*. She is in fact taking a well-earned holiday to recover from all the crazy escapades she has found herself involved in lately.
Carrie has set off for foreign climes to see if she is as accident prone in other countries as she is here. But to amuse us all while she is away, Carrie has sent along her cousin Connie who is just as whacky. And Carrie herself will return in the summer with tales of her foreign adventures.
With a piece of artwork as intricate and detailed as Carrie, it is not always possible for artist Steve Kingston to produce twelve of them every year. So we are sending Carrie on holiday to give Steve time to draw her adventures with his usual skill. Connie's creator is Brian Forbes who has been a regular *Mayfair* contributor for many years and delighted us all with his sexy cartoons.

The covergirl featured in Vol 16 No 1 is pictured wearing a sexy, white, translucent garment which leaves just enough to the imagination to make it exciting. This garment caught the eye of a PR man for a cosmetic company who wanted to know where we found it.
Well, now we can let the cat out of the bag and reveal that it was something we devised ourselves in the *Mayfair* offices.
It is based on a gentleman's evening scarf which we found in a gents outfitters in Holborn. They had to search until they found one tucked away in a drawer because there is no call for them nowadays. Then we split it up the middle to form a plunging neckline and there it is.
The PR man was quite surprised when he found out what it was. Perhaps we should go into dress design as well as magazine production?

PR men have all sorts of ways of getting their message across, but our first accolade of 1981 goes to Lamb's Navy Rum.
If you recall, Monday 5th January was the day that Britain went back to work after practically a fortnight of nothing happening. Inevitably it was a bad day here where everyone who had been idle for two weeks now wanted decisions on this and that.
Into this maelstrom came a messenger with a small parcel for the Editor. It contained a miniature of Lamb's Navy Rum, a small bottle of orange juice, a glass supplied by Ravenhead, and even a slice of orange wrapped in Clingfilm plus the instructions for making the ideal New Year pickmeup, 'A Golden Sunshine'.
It might have been a rum way to get PR, but it certainly worked for us that bleak Monday morning.

Seen on a *Mayfair* poster in Victoria Station: 'This exploits women.' Underneath it a wit had written: 'But it's horny for men.' Fair comment.



MG announce a rare and final edition of the most loved, most famous sports car that has ever been built. The MGB Limited Edition is one thousand cars only, in metallic pewter or bronze, with special distinguishing livery. Two are being acquired by the BL Heritage Collection. The remaining 998 are being offered for sale to members of the public. For availability, contact your BL showroom, or telephone 021-779 2296.

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Limited Edition specification details. MGB-GT. Pewter Metallic Paint. Silver grey trim. Alloy wheels. Silver livery stripes. Black front spoiler. Passenger door mirror. Special Limited Edition badges. MGB Tourer. Bronze metallic paint. Orange/brown trim. Alloy wheels (212 cars). Wire wheels, painted silver (208 cars). Black front spoiler. Passenger door mirror. Special Limited Edition badges. MGB LE Tourer: £6,108. MGB LE GT: £6,576. Prices correct at time of going to press. (Includes front seat belts, car tax and VAT. Delivery and number plates extra).

# LETTERS

*You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of* Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
*Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.*

I must tell you about a dance and cabaret where I acted as MC. The cabaret turn was a fantastic woman. Apart from a great voice, she had stunning good looks and figure.

As she finished her first act the band walked off as well so I had to chase them up. I knocked on the door of the dressing-room which they all shared, and was told to enter. As I walked in all I saw was a fantastic pair of tits. They were the best that I have ever seen. She quickly covered up, but it took me a few seconds to recover enough to tell the band to get back on stage.

At the interval the woman called me into her dressing-room. She was wearing an ankle-length evening dress, low cut to the waist, and split up both sides to the waist. She asked if it would be OK for the crowd. I said it was, but that the knickers didn't look right. She told me she did have some moral standards, and they had to stay. Then I had to go out and start the show again.

I was surprised when she appeared on stage as she was clearly not wearing any knickers. Then she threw a paper bag towards me. Inside were, yes, her knickers and a note saying that I had to meet her in the dressing-room right after she came off stage.

I could hardly wait and I was nearly in the dressing-room before her. When I walked in she just let her dress fall to the floor. I stripped off and we had a fantastic fuck. It had to be quick, before the band finished, but was memorable.

I asked her about her moral standards, and she said she just fancied a fuck and knew I would be happy to please her. So would 100 others in the hall that night. Everyone agreed that she was great. Yes, she was even a good singer.

*S F, Scotland*

I am accident-prone in a minor sort of way, always knocking cups over and so on, and my boyfriend vowed long ago that if he ever got the chance to teach me a lesson, he would. He got that chance last summer and it was an experience I'll never forget.

He had just bought a brand-new Ford Escort and was inordinately proud of it. He took me out for a drive on a warm evening and I was wearing a thin print dress and a minimum of other clothes. My boyfriend said he knew a nice walk along a canal bank and through some woods. We parked a little way up a track and walked about 100 yards through the woods to the canal. It was very quiet, peaceful and deserted, and we had a really pleasant walk.

On the way back I was talking animatedly about something or other and waving my arms in the air, not looking where I was going. I put my foot on a crumbling piece of the bank and fell in. I remember seeing the water coming up at me, then there was a huge splash and I went right under. The water wasn't very deep, but the bottom was very muddy.

When my boyfriend had stopped laughing he helped me out. I was drenched right through and my dress was sopping wet and clinging. I sat down to try to get the mud off my legs but found when I got up that I'd got mud all over my dress. My boyfriend said: 'That's what you get for being so careless. That'll teach you to watch out.'

We got back to the car but he said I had to take my dress off to prevent getting mud all over his seats. And before I could argue he had the zip down and was pulling it over my head, leaving me standing in the woods wearing nothing but a very damp pair of knickers.

I tried to open the car door, but just as I was about to get in, he grabbed my knickers by the elastic. 'These will make a damp patch. They'll have to come off too.' I started to protest, but by the time I got any words out they were around my ankles. I scrambled into the car and shut the door quickly. He put my clothes in the boot and started the car, despite my protests.

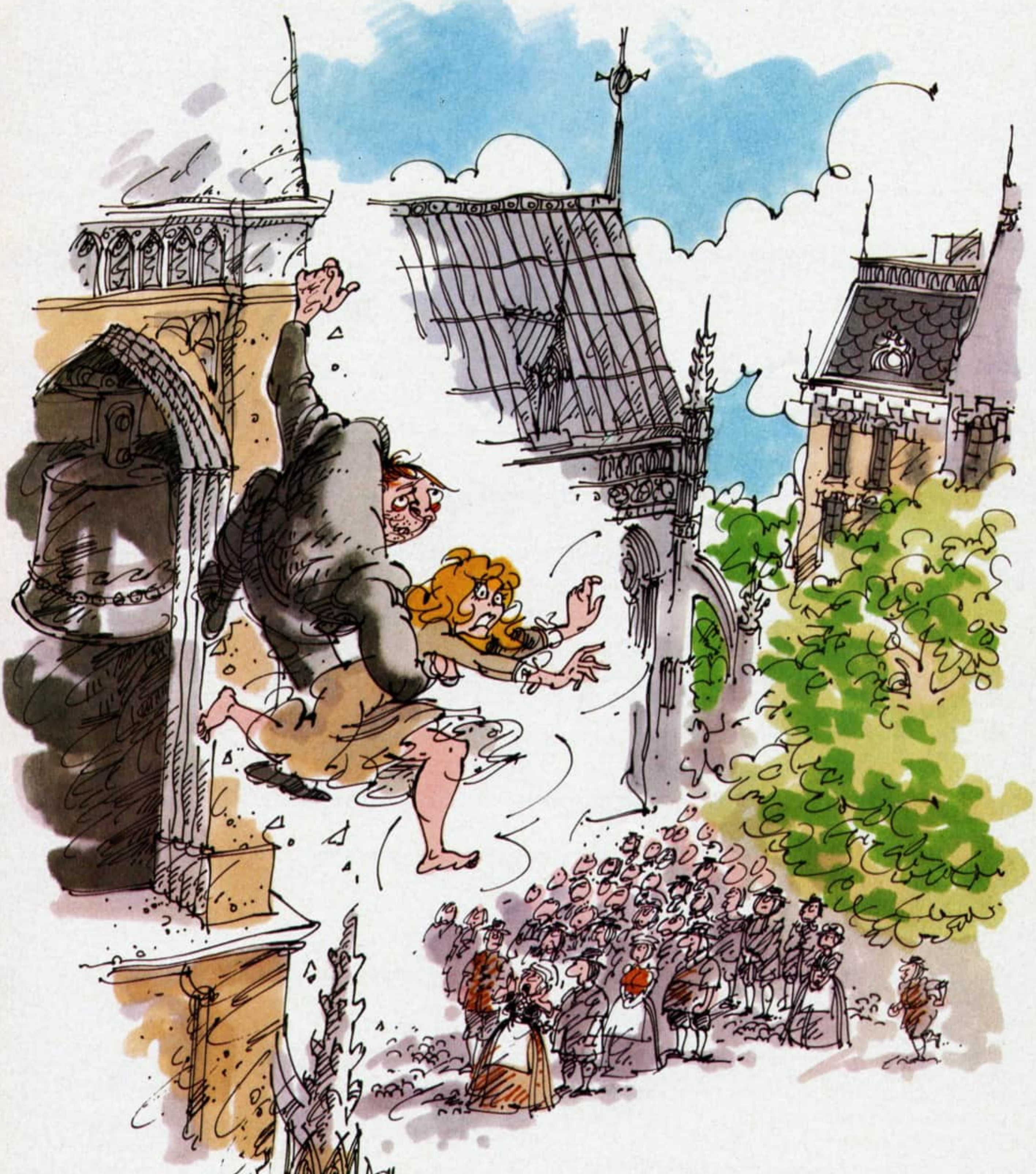
He refused to lend me his shirt because it would mean he'd have to show his chest and when I complained I was showing a hell of a lot more than that, he said it was my own fault and I'd have to travel home in the car naked, or walk. 'No-one will see you,' he said. 'It's starting to get dark. Anyway, nobody looks inside a passing car.'

Off we went. I clasped my hands over my breasts, but he said: 'Relax. You've got nothing to be ashamed of. Anyone catching a glimpse would think himself lucky.' So I leaned back in the seat and tried to convince myself that driving around with nothing on was the most natural thing in the world.

It wasn't easy. The bastard drove me along the main road, straight through the middle of Tamworth and Nuneaton. There was plenty of traffic and people and we kept stopping at traffic lights. But people aren't very observant and nobody seemed to notice me. It was getting good and dark as we approached Coventry and I started to relax until he pulled into a petrol station. It was a self-service station and it took him ten minutes to pay, during which time I sat in the

*turn to page 106*

KEVIN WOODCOCK



*'That will teach her to go on a blind date.'*

vere almost too
her who learnt
raham Chainey

# Tutor

he sweat across his brow. tes she had taunted him, strous wing of hers with ation.

ned, he fevered with fran- ust – the boy from 'the

sticks', first posting abroad, five days from home, transported to this tropic of wanton women, the daylight charged with the blatant challenge of them, and he peering timid from the narrow room at the terror of their will.

She knew full well he was watching – probably the entire block was big with eyes. But her gaze was fixed wilfully on space with magnetic contempt for the feebleness of men.

Minute by minute her flowery bursting peignoir crept another fraction of an inch apart.

'Ah, Wyley.' The director's head poked round the door. 'Just the man. We're in a spot. Jenkins is down with jaundice.'

Wyley spun as if electrocuted, crumpling the paper into his lap. Jenkins? That old ass? Serve him right, prattling interminably about his adventures, full of his own lewd success, when Wyley needed encouragement, help, not leering reminiscence.

'Yes. Blasted nuisance, actually.' The director's large blank eyes blazed at Wyley. There was a distant murmur of pupils chanting verbs. 'Means revamping the whole timetable. Dickens of a thing. Look, he's down to teach Madame Attabal at ten. You're the only chap available.'

'No problem. Is she here?' He rose dutifully.

'Of course you wouldn't understand. Madame Attabal. Wife of the Minister. Private tuition. At her villa. We have to keep her pretty sweet. Very sweet. Grab some advanced books and run.'

As he left the language institute his body shivered with hurry and heat. The full sunlit vigour of the street sprang up to hit him. Slumped in a taxi he cursed his luck, his mind still reeling with the obsessive rhythm of those hands, the thrill of the moving robe. To relinquish that for some old frump of a minister's wife to be amused!

He glowered at the brilliant North African scene – bleached buildings, postcard sky, streets brimming with light, men in *djellabas* nursing mint teas, water-sellers, and a pair of girls in shorts and peeling blouses stepping out into the screeching traffic. Paroxysm of horns at their long tanned limbs, high heels and lifted chins.

The taxi driver orated joyfully out of his window, turned to make intricate, obscene gestures to Wyley. Against a chorus of hoots and offers the girls as suddenly dissolved into the dark. Talent there was, talent such as Wyley's sheltered upbringing had never envisaged. Maybe Jenkins was right when he boasted it was like plucking ripe fruit. The old lecher must know. If only he had Jenkins' experience. If only he knew how.

The taxi swung away now from the populous boulevards and out along the streaming corniche, past *bidonvilles* and wastes where beggars peopled the shade and a lurid sea sparkled with shipping and rocks. Cats frolicked in the dust, boys ran naked to the surf, a mule stood monstrously erect in the middle of nowhere, in the hug of the sun. Then they rose, shaking off the town, to a green and pampered suburb on a hill where pastel villas dozed deep in gardens behind pink walls. The sea shrank to a gleam between throbbing palms.

He rang the bell. After the taxi had gone a padded silence of wealth engulfed him, crackling with heat and cicadas. He felt small and unseemly in his sweaty tee-shirt and jeans, beneath the great blind wall of the lane.

A security camera nudged to examine him. He stammered French into an entryphone. At last amicable eyes assessed him through the grille. The gate swung. He stepped into an idyll of oleander and rose, bougainvilia and birdsong.

The girl smiled as if she remembered him intimately, offering him moist almond eyes and cupid lips. Her chocolate body glowed within a limp blue kaftan.

'Please come.'

The coolness of the interior fell like a promissory caress on Wyley's heated limbs. He followed her along dark passages to a large dim room. She turned.

'Madame was not expecting. I tell her. Please sit.' He watched her wiggle away, mesmerised by her smile and sweetness, then squinted around the room.

Colin Leary

*'Good God, the ball has hit his snuff box.'*

Doors and windows were of Moorish design; carpets and fittings also were oriental. But the sofa and chairs were Louis Quinze, ormolu clocks gossiped on a shelf, French leisure journals sprawled on the table. He placed his textbooks gingerly beside them and perched on the plainest chair.

The blinds were down: but through open windows he heard the tinkle of water; heard too the maid's warbled report. Restless with nerves, he crossed to peep through the slats into the garden beyond. He wanted to know the worst about this pain of a minister's wife.

*'On ne m'avait pas dit,'* pouted Madame Attabal, rising with petulance from the lawn like Botticelli's Venus from her shell. The maid stood apart, eyes averted from the spectacle of her mistress's naked splendour. Wyley's quivering nose leapt closer to the blind. Dressed only in her sunglasses, Madame Attabal massaged ointment leisurely into a shoulder.

*'Alors, il est beau?'*

The maid blushed. *'Est jeune, Madame.'*

*'Bon. Tant mieux.'* As she swivelled slightly, the light seemed to dangle long fingers down her egg-brown body. He caught his breath at her tall slender legs, boyish hips, at the fabulous upturned breasts that bubbled to her motion.

He dropped the slat and groped back to the chair. He sank in a turmoil, brain spinning with shock. A wild mélange of all the tales Jenkins had told whirled through his mind. Jenkins himself, self-declared woman-killer, had been here, had confronted and surely mastered this stunning female.

Wyley, fledgling teacher of English language, desirous to succeed, trembled miserably to the depths of his innocence, unsure what was expected of him, terrified to fail.

Slowly he grew aware that the source of his confusion stood already before him. She had entered without sound, was surveying him with contemptuous intensity. He jumped up, dumb and red.

She looked no more than thirty. Her hair was longer, blacker, more thrilling even than that of the coquette on the balcony, her eyes fiery and dark. She had thrown on a long white gown, a clinging sheath of shimmery silk, aggressively slit at the sides. He detected at once she stayed naked beneath. For a long moment her eyes continued to penetrate him, the palms of her hands all the while kneading the material against her thighs, as if the mere sight of him gave her a dreamy, necessary joy.

*'Enchanté, Monsieur – ?'*

'Wyley. Mr Jenkins is ill. He . . .'

She glided and trapped his hand in a tight clasp.

'Poor Deryk. I 'ope it is not serious? 'is lessons gave me always such pleasure.' He could imagine. Her eyes bored into his own until he was forced to look down. He found himself staring instead at the generous curves of her bust, heaving with haste or

*turn to page 18*

"Well, they said anything could happen."
SMIRNOFF
PURVEYORS TO THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT 1886 1917
VODKA
Remember, whatever happens, don't overdo it.

**Lesson for the Tutor**

*continued from page 16*

anticipation, at the twin upstanding impudent prominences. He squirmed to withdraw his hand.

She beamed. She skimmed triumphant fingertips the length of his thumb.

'Sit down.' She indicated the sofa. He lowered himself warily. Pausing meditatively above him, she called something over her shoulder in a harsh voice to the maid, flashed white teeth, then in one deft decisive movement alighted close beside him.

The slashed gown gaped wide its merry jaws to reveal her nearside leg in its muscular brown entirety. He goaded his gaze away, only to return to those pink peaks stretching the translucent fabric above. He tried to close his eyes altogether. But then his nostrils stiffened at sun-oil and sweat, silk and delirious scent.

Suddenly he could hear Jenkins' smug voice spinning platitudes in his dizzy head: *They all want it, lad. Dying for it, same as you and me. Just give 'em a push and they're over, on their backs, spreading their all for you. Don't I know!*

Madame Attabal's tongue licked at her fat lips. 'So you are ze new teacher Deryk told me is arrived. Is your first time here?'

'First time abroad, actually.'

Long sooty lashes swept down and up.

'We 'ave everythink for ze young man. Beautiful wezzer, beautiful beaches, beautiful girls . . .'

'Oh, well, yes.'

'You like our girls?'

'Well, I haven't been here awfully long, you know. I . . .' He blushed into silence, seeing again those brushing hands, that upcast stare. She allowed the silence to prolong, as if following his reverie.

The maid approached with books and two tall drinks on a tray. Madame Attabal intercepted Wyley's glass and once again their fingers feathered contact. The ice cubes chattered with comment.

*They're longing for it, lad. Don't I just know! But you've got to be bold and brutal. I was handling women before you were a glint in your daddy's little eye.*

She regarded him over her drink. 'Of course Deryk is much older than you,' she said. Was she telepathic? 'He always satisfies my needs perfectly. A very attentive teacher.'

'Oh I'm sure this will be only a temporary arrangement.'

She cackled and he winced at his feebleness. If Jenkins were here now he would be snorting with contempt. Her hand fell on his wrist.

'You must make our lessons exciting, original. I must forget Deryk. This is not England.' Her tone was scathing. 'Here, if you wish to be my teacher, first you must catch my 'eart. How can I learn, I, if my 'eart is not caught?'

He stared. 'They never mentioned that on the training course.'

This time her savage laughter rocked the room. The stiff and solemn sofa creaked under her mirth, while above their heads dim chandeliers tinkled with crystal echoes in the gloom. Her bosom rolled like a heavy sea. He felt submerged beneath a cruel tide of callous waves.

'So modest! So very English!'

She relapsed as suddenly into cat-like quiet. With a delicious electric purr of silk one leg lifted itself and crossed boldly over the other. Her eyes didn't leave Wyley. A whole promenade of tight-muscled calf swung out, pulsing crimson toes towards him. An unmapped province of thigh was made available to his prospective stare.

He tried again to bridle his gaze towards neutral things – drink, books – but it reared wilfully back to the flaunted display.

Worse, much worse, he began to feel an alarming and ungovernable change raking through him, an almost chemical transmutation of blood and bone. A faintly-recognised demon, of a power and size he could scarcely believe, and inextricably intertwined with the sound of Jenkins' smooth insinuations, was shifting about within him.

He trembled and gulped the drink. He felt as if a tangle of uncoiling and distending serpents were welling up inside him.

Enough. He cleared his throat manfully. Straightened his back. She'd see he could be firmer than supposed.

'Shall we get down to work?' His voice sounded strangulatedly odd but he pursued. 'I presume Mr Jenkins gave you some . . . work?'

A ghost of wrath flickered over her face. But she tacked astutely, preserving control.

'*Mais oui.* Of course.' She swooped among her books. 'Let us continue precisely where Deryk abandoned me. *Bonne idée.*'

Now we shall see, thought Wyley, watching her hunt out a tatty copybook. That dunce Jenkins probably never taught a thing. Too busy making up to her, showing off his vaunted virility. I'll change all that. She'll see how a real teacher sets about his stuff.

'Here.' She smoothed a grubby page. 'This is the last thing we studied.'

He sipped his drink impassively. For a moment he had forced the serpents back into the dark.

'Recite it,' he snapped. 'I shall be listening for errors. Proceed.'

He was imposing his will at last. Yet there was the faintest smirk on her face as she bowed obediently to the page. In a pedagogically clear voice, as if reciting classic verse, she sang out the words that were written there.

'Knickers, panties, tights, briefs, bra, suspender belt, slip . . .'

The jet of coloured liquid that spouted from Wyley's mouth splattered the oriental rugs. At the same time something went the wrong way – ice perhaps – and he couldn't get his breath. He rasped desperately, face purpling.

She stood, aghast. 'Are you ill?'

His blocked windpipe prevented reply.

'What 'appened? What shall I do?'

He waved a helpless hand.

'Did I make an error?'

The blockage cleared and he gasped frantically.

'The drink . . . Too cold . . .'

She stalked nearer. 'You are feverish,' she accused. Her palm sprang to his brow. Its cool presence against his forehead inflamed his humiliation. He wallowed in redoubled misery.

At the same time, her solicitous fingers and her half-clad body inches from his watery eyes provoked into redoubled life the demon-serpent he thought he had subdued. Those breasts dangled within easy grasp. The glistening black hair swung close. Jenkins' cracked voice shrilled more cogently across his brain. *Seize your chances, lad. Seize them! And if there isn't a chance, make one. Only practice will make perfect. And good golly, I've had practice!*

Her hand flew off as if stung.

'Fever! See. You tremble. Lie down.'

'But I'm really quite well. Quite well.'

'I insist. Lie down.'

Demoralised, he saw her plumping cushions in readiness. Almost forcibly she laid him flat on the sofa, pillowing his head with exaggerated care, firmly aligning his legs

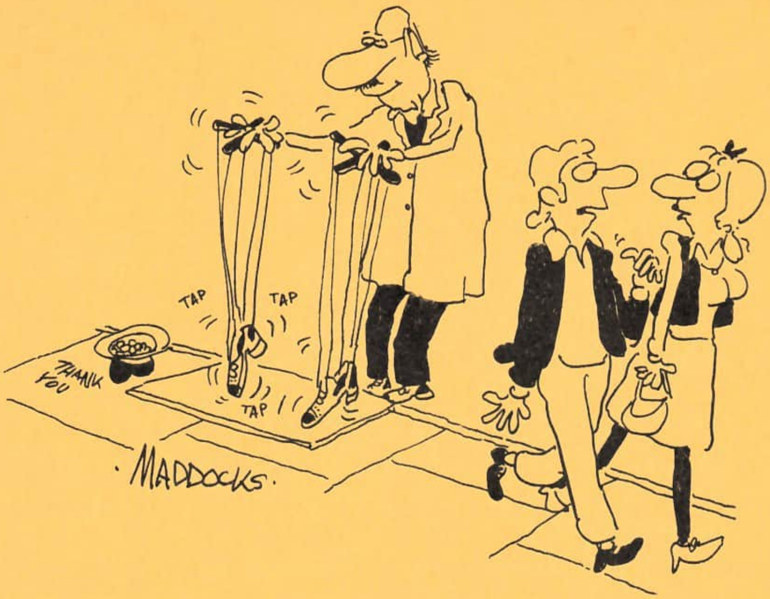
*turn to page 35*

SCORNED WOMEN
dredge

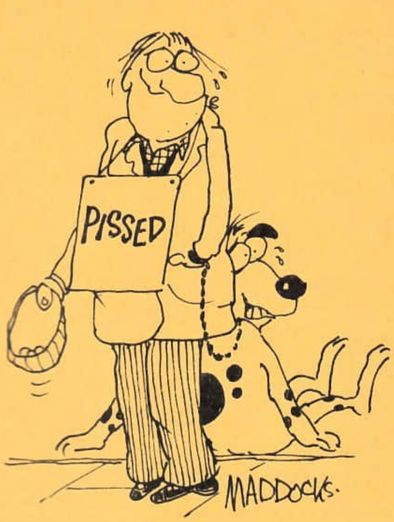
*'It's a new line I'm trying.'*

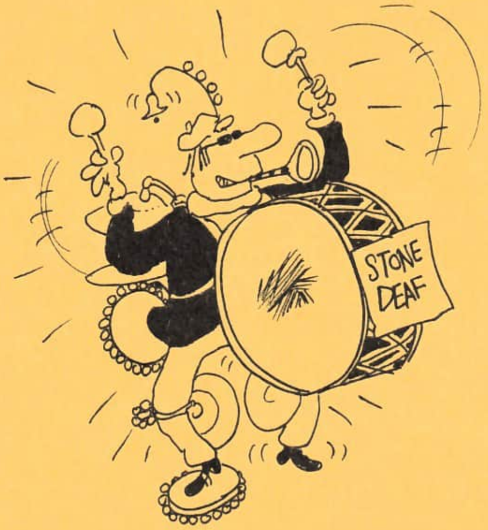
# PERFORMING IN PUBLIC

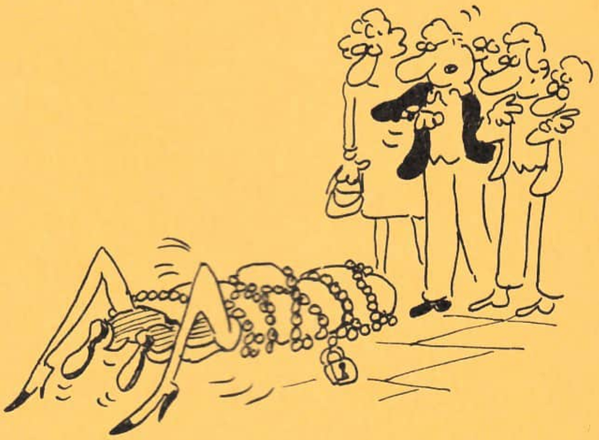
Busking is making a comeback in our streets, and bawdy cartoonist Peter Maddocks considers some sexy innovations


TAP
TAP
TAP
THANK YOU
MADDOCKS

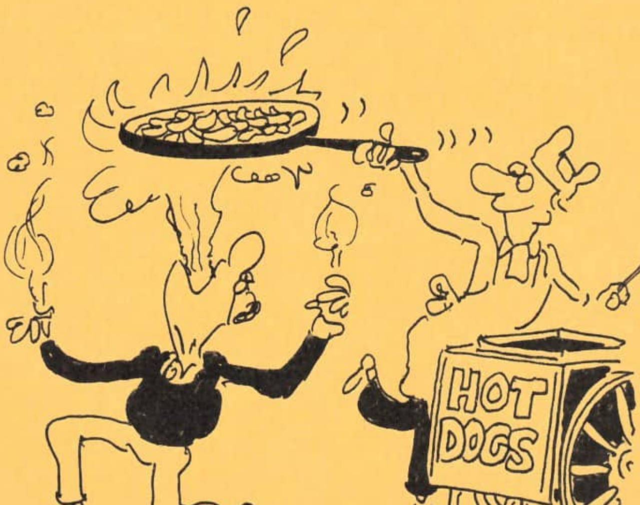
*'He was a master of tap – then his legs gave out!'*

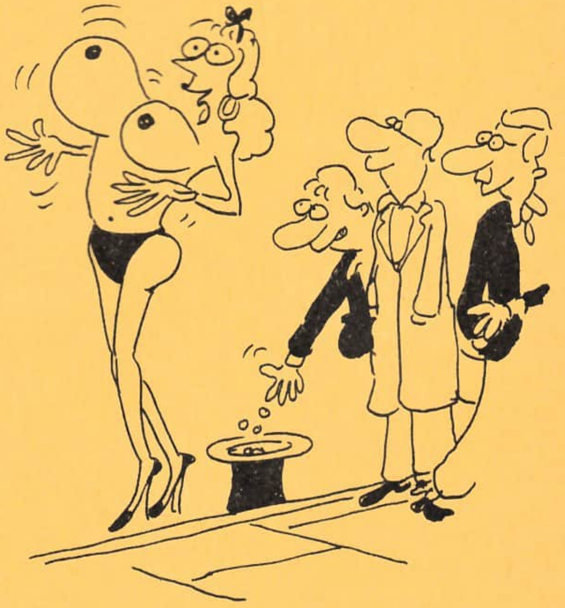

PISSED
MADDOCKS

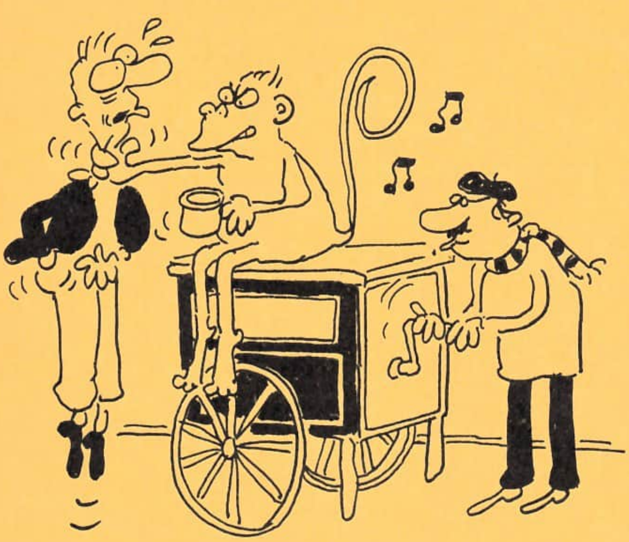




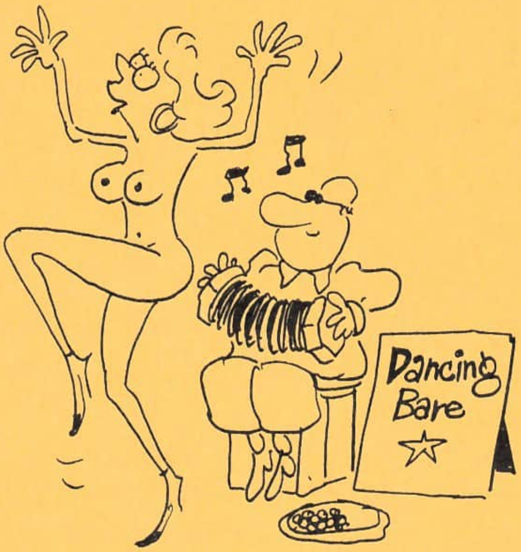
*'He'll never get out in time.'*

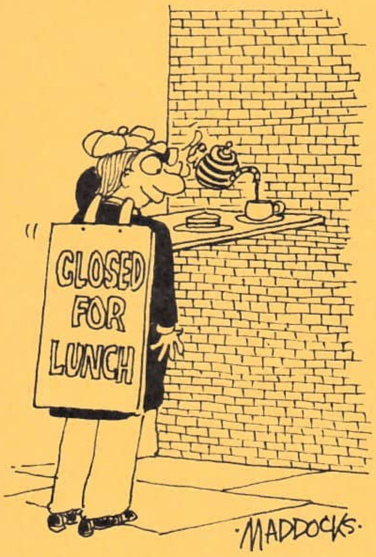






*'He's growing isn't he?'*


Dancing Bare ☆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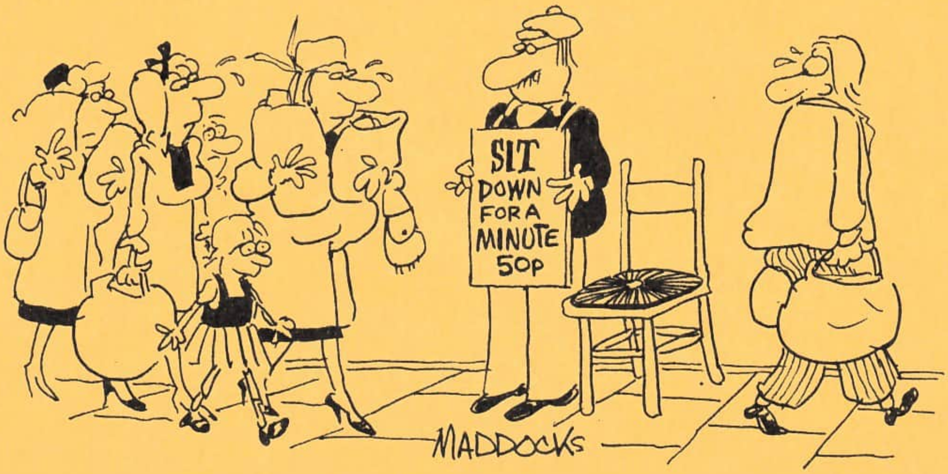
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# FILMS

*****A Classic, ****Excellent,
***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic,
♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing,
♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp,
♡No discernable sex content

*****♡ **Superman 2** (A), 2 hrs 7 mins. Once again a sequel outshines the original: the further adventures of the man of steel score a success under the direction of Richard Lester who has produced a better balanced, more endearing and funnier movie than his predecessor, Richard Donner, who had the unenviable task of condensing the life-span of Krypton's most famous son into roughly the same time.

Whereas the first film was split uneasily into science fiction (the destruction of Krypton), story-book (the Mid-West upbringing) and comic strip (adventures in Metropolis), *Superman 2* limits itself to the comic-book style and a much briefer time span.

The plot, which involves super-baddies exiled from Krypton bent on world domination with only Superman to stop them, allows ample room for jokes at the expense of *The Daily Planet*, a romantic interlude for Clark Kent and Lois Lane and a gloriously over-the-top performance by Gene Hackman as arch-villain Lex Luthor, who gets all the best lines and obviously thoroughly enjoys himself in the process. Terence Stamp, as the evil General Zod, is to be commended also for a well-judged performance with just the right amount of menace. In all, the film, which reputedly cost around 40 million dollars (in fact the overall cost of both films is put by the producers, Ilya Salkind and Pierre Spengler, at a staggering 109 millions!) is a rare delight, which speeds by all too quickly and leaves one gagging for *Superman 3*.

**♡ **The Jazz Singer** (A) 1 hr 46 mins. Although sequels are becoming more and more proficient, remakes are still on much shakier ground, as witnessed by this 80s version of the Al Jolson classic. Not a believer, obviously, in leaving well alone, director Richard Fleischer would have been helped in his difficult task by having an actor rather than a singer in the title role. Unfortunately, Neil Diamond, while performing his songs with customary skill, lacks the ability to make the audience care about his character, a Jewish cantor turned pop singer. Laurence Olivier is Diamond's Yiddisher Poppa but I found his portrayal heavy-handed. The only relief comes in a splendid performance by Lucie Arnaz as the love interest, but even her looks and charm can't win over the turgidness of this melodrama, which if it's lucky, may muster up an audience from among the many Neil Diamond fans.

****♡♡♡ **La Derobade** (The Life) (X) 1 hr 54 mins. Although many will be attracted to this film by its stars, the stunning Miou-Miou and the tantalising Maria Schneider, it is far more than a simple showcase for their many and varied talents. A sometimes harrowing look at prostitution in France (sub-titled), it is based on the autobiography of Jeanne Cordelier who became a prostitute when she was 16. Excellently directed, by Daniel Duval, who also stars in the film, and acted, it takes on the feel of a documentary in its detached view of a prostitute's life and of the pimps and madames who exploit her along the way.

Strong scenes of sadism and homosexual couplings are mixed in among normal entwinings. Not for the squeamish, but for those with the stomachs to take it, a rewarding experience: a sex film in the art house bracket.

***♡♡♡♡ **Blue Erotica** (X) 1 hr 18 mins. Handsome but shy banker Peter has a problem. No matter how hard or how often he tries to make love, he cannot reach a climax. The girls themselves aren't complaining though: first there is Ginnie, his best friend's girl; then Elsa, a married woman who picks him up at a bar; then a prostitute at the local brothel. He rewards them all with a bouquet of red roses for their generosity. But wait a minute – the salesgirl at the florist keeps looking at him in a certain way – perhaps, just perhaps she could be the girl of his dreams . . .

Despite the contrived plot this is the first sex film in a long time that women could see and enjoy equally with men. All the actors in this West German production are good-looking and well-shaped and with their easy acceptance of each other's sexuality they could go a long way to reassuring any prospective "Peters" in the audience. A sex-ploitation film of the most genuine kind; strictly for the unkinky.

***♡♡♡ **Untamed Sex** (X) 1 hr 27 mins. The scene is a Swiss finishing school run by the glamorous Miss Stein; pupils are six sex-hungry Swedish girls – Greta, Inga, Kirsten, Lil, Selma and Astrid. Kirsten is a science student who invents a piston-powered dildo for attachment to girls' bicycle seats. Selma is mad on losing her virginity, and does so to the He-man of a sports coach, Mike, who is more intent on showing her his muscles than his equipment. Kirsten harbours sexual fantasies for Greta who, wouldn't you know, thankfully responds with a bout of Lesbian love. As for the others, they get to show themselves – and boyfriends – off at a party held at the school while Miss Stein is off to teach her man-friend a thing or two. Stood-up, Miss Stein returns to the school and frustrated herself, puts an end to the girls' fun and games. All is not lost as Miss Stein and the girls console themselves with long bicycle rides. Directed by Michael Thomas, *Untamed Sex* is both funny and sexy and the photography – both of locations and girls – by Andreas Demmer and Rudi Kuttel, is excellent.

*Even after being rolled over, this classic Porsche, a 356, carried on in the 1953 1000 kilometre event at Nürburgring. Denis Jenkinson's book, Porsche 356, published by Osprey at £5.95, covers its development and technical history, but at the same time there emerges a fascinating and unique tale of company history and the author's own experiences with these cars.*

# DISCS

Peter Hopkin

In the southern part of Texas, popular music is heavily influenced by Mexican music from just south of the border, and the two styles combine to form a sound which is known as Tex-Mex. It is basically rock and roll with a Spanish feel to it, and usually characterised by a light, fast beat dominated by a distinctive organ sound. **Joe 'King' Carrasco and the Crowns** are a superb example of the Tex-Mex sound and their album of the same name on Stiff records will serve as an exciting, foot-tapping introduction to this style of music. It is basically a record to dance to and the pulsating beat is sure to have your feet tapping and hands clapping. The four-piece band work their way through 12 songs, ten of which are originals by the group. The album is well-produced and gives an idea of the excitement the band must generate in a live performance.

A style of music which sounds like a mixture of fairground organs, and Jamaican ska (an early '60s forerunner to reggae) with a lot of saxophone thrown in does not seem a likely combination. But Madness have made it work and their second album **Absolutely** (Stiff) is likely to be as big a hit as their first album and singles. The music has a jerky, irresistible dance beat and all the songs have memorable melodies with a large helping of Cockney humour in the lyrics. The seven-piece band wrote all the songs themselves and cannot be placed in any category because they have a totally original style. Their recent hit single *Baggy Trousers* is included amongst the 14 tracks.

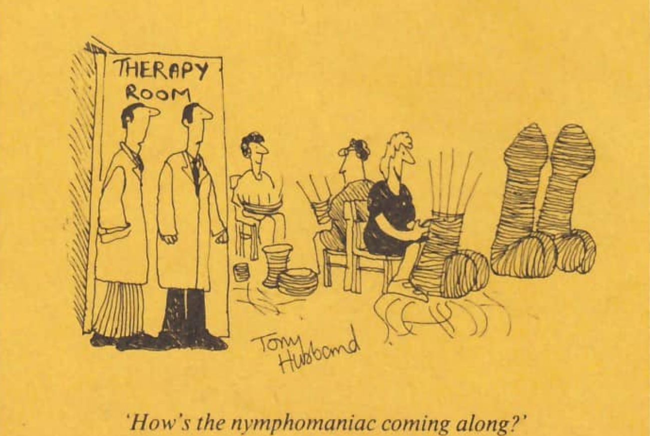
Talking of dancing, the Dance Band are just what they claim to be, and their album **Fancy Footwork** (Double D) calls to mind the soul bands of the '60s when music was judged on how well you could move to it. Not that this album cannot be listened to and appreciated for the standard of musicianship. All seven members of the band have been in the music business for quite some time and played with many star names before combining their talents. The line-up includes a brass section which helps give the band its own distinctive sound, as they power their way through a mixture of self-penned numbers and rock and roll classics like *Runaway*. Members of the band obviously get a kick out of playing together and this shows through in their music which has a happy feel to it.

Devadip Carlos Santana established himself as one of the most exciting rock guitarists with the band Santana in the late '60s. His Latin-based sound sold millions of singles and albums and the band achieved cult status. Now he has turned to religion and his guitar sound is less frenetic but none the less exciting as can be heard on **The Swing of Delight** (CBS). It is dedicated to his guru, Sri Chinmoy, and much of the music on this digitally-recorded double album has a religious feel to it. Supporting musicians include such famous names as keyboards player Herbie Hancock and sax player Wayne Shorter. The computerised digital recording technique makes for a stunning clarity of sound and the subtleties of the recording can be appreciated as every note stands out. Carlos might have changed his style of music, but it is still as enjoyable.

Few bands have made a bigger impact on the music scene than The Police. Their popularity around the globe is enormous and their albums and singles have been chart toppers. So it would be a fairly safe bet to predict that their new album **Zenyatta Mondatta** (A&M) will have enjoyed a spell at the top of the charts between the time of writing and this issue appearing on the bookstalls. The title track, *Don't Stand So Close To Me*, shot to the top of the charts when it was released as a single. This is one of the more memorable tracks along with the instrumental *The Other Way of Stopping*. However, I think my copy of the Police's previous album, the brilliant *Regatta de Blanc*, will wear out long before *Zenyatta Mondatta*.

In less than two years the young American Steve Forbert has established himself in Britain as an original and very successful folk singer. He's a talented composer, singer and lyricist, and has just released his third album **Little Stevie Orbit** (Epic). Listening to this leaves no doubt that Steve Forbert is not a one-hit wonder. His ability goes from strength to strength and unlike many folk singers he never becomes monotonous. This is partly due to clever compilation of the album tracks to provide constant contrast. On some tracks there's little more than harmonica accompaniment while on others there may be a powerful band or even full orchestral backing. If you've never heard Steve Forbert give *Lonely Girl* on side two a spin – it sums him up beautifully.

Joe Jackson, Southend's very own superstar, has written, arranged and produced another album, **Beat Crazy** (A&M). The title track *Beat Crazy* and the first track on side two *Crime Don't Pay* have guitar backing very reminiscent of Duane Eddy. Perhaps this album's appeal will grow with more plays but my initial reaction is that I've enjoyed more memorable music from The Joe Jackson Band.



*'How's the nymphomaniac coming along?'*

For his vocal style it would be fair to call Barry Manilow an Eighties version of Andy Williams. **Barry** (Arista) contains a selection of easy-listening songs and the hit single, *Lonely Together*. Disappointing track is the dreadfully corny *Bermuda Triangle* – 'She doesn't see my angle', and 'It makes people disappear' – with lyrics by Barry himself. The hottest property in show-business Barry may be, but a fair comment for this album is 'sickly sweet'.

Well worth a mention is **Marie, Marie** (Epic) the new album from Shakin' Stevens. Particularly interesting is *Baby if We Touch*, a self-penned cut in which Shakin' pays vocal tribute to the great influence in his music – Elvis Presley. Other good tracks include *Move*, and *Slippin' and Slidin'*.

Bruce Springsteen's double album **The River** (CBS) has to be one of the best albums of the past year. His strong tunes come across as powerful yet sensitive. The images he creates in the lyrics stand out as the definitive heart of America, far-removed from fashionable Manhattan and Los Angeles. The E. Street Band provide superb support. Exceptional tracks are the title song and *Hungry Heart*.

Crystal Gayle, **These Days** (CBS) – the girl with the unbelievably long hair also directed this album and sings it in her own distinctive and, unfortunately, rather distracting style. The tracks range from the country *Take it Easy*, to standards of the Thirties, *What a Little Moonlight Can Do*, and the Forties' *Lover Man*. Her commercial sound is best epitomised on *Too Many Lovers*.

Eric Carmen (Arista) **Tonight You're Mine**: After a successful solo debut in 1975 with *All By Myself*, little has been heard of this talented singer-songwriter. He surfaces again with a very likeable album, sounding very much like a clean-cut version of Billy Joel who made a more lasting impression in those six years. *It Hurts Too Much* stands out as very Joel-like. The percussion throughout is particularly good, but Carmen comes into his own with his romantic ballads – *All For Love*, *Sleep With Me* and *Foolin' Myself*. Just the stuff to get her in the mood!

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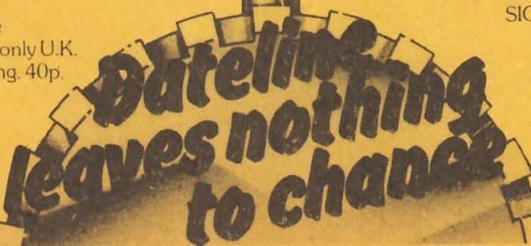
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# EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

Let us look at the other end of the eating day – breakfast! Three rather different places, each with something special on offer. Who else but the English would have sited **Le Café de la Gare** at *19 York Road, Waterloo* (Tel: 01-928 9761) just round the corner from the station? A typical Parisienne Boulevardiers' Café, sans Cognac at breakfast-time, but with all the verve and panache of its Gallic background – the staff, in white aprons and shirts, black ties, trousers and 'weskits,' with a 'Continental' breakfast costing £1; a 'Light English' (plus two poached or boiled eggs) £1.50; and the full eggs and bacon bit for £2. Prices include tea, coffee, toast, jam, etc. M. Alain Robin, the manager, beamed when I told him I wanted a typical French breakfast. ('But, M'sieu, I 'av sent 'er 'ome!'), and then quickly produced a long cleaved slice of buttered French bread, deliciously fresh, with two croissant, and two large pots of strawberry jam and marmalade. Black coffee was served in good, deep, breakfast cups. It was all very satisfying. There are tables and chairs outside (it opens at 8 am) and ads for Ricard.

**The Albert,** *52 Victoria Street SW1* (Tel: 01-222 5577) is as redoubtable as that age in which it was weaned. It was one of London's finest Victorian pubs and was refurbished a couple of years ago and David Wright put in charge. Its policy was broadened to move out of its usual pub hours away back to the early days of this century when it was an inn serving full blown Victorian breakfasts. And that is what they are doing again, in their upstairs restaurant, between 8–10.30. Here you help yourself to fruit juices, cereals, yoghourts, grapefruit, bacon, kidneys, sausages, fried or boiled eggs, kippers, smoked haddock, grilled tomatoes, mushrooms and baked beans. If you're really into the 19th century trencherman's mood you will then want masses of toast and marmalade, tea or coffee, and to not speak to anybody. The room was full by 8.40. It is brown with polished tables and chairs, and a host of Victoriana, including old pictures of mutton-whiskered worthies. It costs £2.50 a head, inclusive of VAT.

I thought nothing would get me into central London on a Sunday morning, but I reckoned without Ms. Vivienne Short, the Portman Hotel's persuasive (and attractive) PR lady. Their Sunday Jazz Brunches are now in their fourth year of success. They begin at 11.45 and go on until 4. I sat in the far corner (away from the band) of their first floor *Rotisserie Normande* restaurant (Tel: 01-486 5844) and admired the tranquillity that a Georgian square seems always to impose. The brunch menu is twin-sided; *a là carte* and *prix fixé*. The latter works on the Continental idea of settling a single price around what you choose for the main course; The *hors d'oeuvre*, dessert, coffee, bread, etc., are also included in that figure. There is a £1.80 cover charge. *Hors d'ouevres* include Creole cream cheese, shrimp remoulade, turtle soup with sherry, half a grapefruit, baked with brandy and sugar, and a bowl of spiced, baked apple in double cream, which is what I had. Now, entrées (with the price indicating the *prix fixé)* eggs benedict (£7.65), nouvelle orleans (£7.85). There's a calorific omelette 'Pontalba,' with diced ham, onions, mushrooms, potatoes *and* sauce bearnaise, for £6.95; a sauced seafood crepe, at £7.60. There is, of course, the Portman Hotel's wine list with a welter of fine claret or good £4.20 house wine. If you're a jazz fan you will not need much introduction to the Cambridge City Jazz Band, with the Zenith Hot Stompers, the Bones of Contention of Roy Williams and Pete Strange, or any one of the many other regular outfits who play there. Incidentally, both *Le Café de la Gare* and *The Albert* are 'dry' for breakfast. That is not their fault but our ancient London licensing laws which preclude selling intoxicants before 11 am, and then only until 3 pm.

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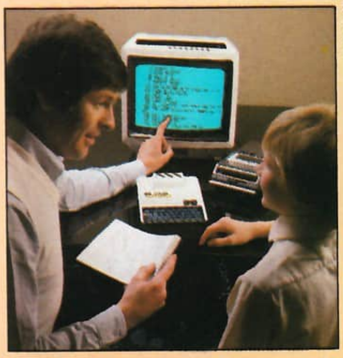

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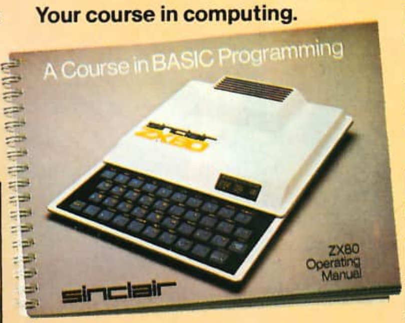

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# HILARY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

If you are ever in *Shades* wine bar in Brighton and the striking girl you are chatting to asks if you are a Virgo or a Pisces, don't be surprised because it will probably be Hilary Mason. '*Shades* is my favourite nightspot and whenever I'm talking to a man I like to find out what his star sign is before I go out with him,' says Hilary whose 36–24–36 figure is enough to make anyone see stars. 'I'm not really that superstitious, but I do think there is a lot to be said for astrology, if you have a sensible attitude and aren't obsessed.'

Hilary, 22, works in Brighton in the personnel department of a large company. 'I have always liked people and get on well with them, so it is the ideal job for me,' she said. Part of her job involves helping staff with some of their personal problems which might affect their work. 'I couldn't help but see the funny side of one family row which I had to help sort out. A husband and wife both worked for us and they had virtually come to blows over a talking parrot the man had bought. It swore profusely and would not stop chatting. His wife couldn't stand it. But I managed to sort it all out and we found it a new home.'

When it comes to relaxing, Hilary finds there is plenty of interesting nightlife in Brighton. 'There are so many good restaurants that it's difficult choosing where to go for a meal. But I do love *Wheelers*, the fish restaurant, and if a man takes me there on an evening out I find him irresistible.' Hilary also enjoys an evening at the *Theatre Royal*, and never misses a production. 'It is a beautiful theatre and my favourite production was "The Elephant Man" which was on last summer.'

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**Lesson for the Tutor**

*continued from page 18*

and arms. His eyes screwed tight with shame.

O God! He lay there acquiescently shamming faintness. Indeed, he began to feel truly faint. Felt drained of personality and hope. Such a dummy! Pitiful, inane dummy! He raised an eyelid long enough to glimpse the satisfaction on her face as she squeezed close, fanning his cheeks with her book. How pathetic he must seem!

But what she couldn't see or imagine was the upheaval escalating behind his static face. His brain whirled with visions of breasts and of tormenting lips and eyes, his ears hummed with the same obsessive, jeering voice: *Bold and brutal . . . give 'em a push . . . dying for it, lad . . . don't I just know!*

The aroused monster grew more excited and menacing by the instant. Already it was beyond all possibility of subjection. How could she imagine, seeing him motionless and devoid of life, that the dummy barely now contained a frightening giant hammering for release?

The dummy's mouth opened. The giant spoke: 'The lesson may continue.'

'You must rest.'

'The lesson will continue.'

He heard his own words with inert stupefaction.

'If you are sure . . .'

'This lesson was admirable. Did you learn everything Mr Jenkins told you?'

'Some things he did not explain. He did not 'ave time to draw all the pictures.'

'Pictures?'

'Knickers of course I know. Suspender belt he drew.'

'Knickers?'

'See.'

He gripped the page and stared. His eyes, once open again, fixed unblinkingly on the smudgy offering. In that moment the serpent sloughed off the dummy. Names of garments were scrawled about the page. Above them he saw drawings of female torsos modelling the relevant articles. Or the same torso each time? He bent closer. Upturned breasts. Slim hips. Copied from life, it seemed. Part of a face. But surely . . .?

'Deryk is so talented. And you?'

His starting eyes swivelled from the book to her face. She was leaning close. Her odours thronged around him. Hanks of glossy hair almost brushed his nose. Inches away. *The girl on the balcony.* Her simmering pools of eyes drew in his stare. Her lizard-like tongue flicked across her lips.

'Jenkins drew this?'

*'Mais oui!* And these. And these.' Her hand fell over his, turning back the pages. 'Here he shows me gusset. And stocking. Here garter . . .'

All at once his hand fell instead upon hers.

For what seemed an age, neither moved. The dummy looked on, discarded, powerless, a mere riveted spectator. Their eyes rolled to contest. He noticed with interest that his other hand was cheerfully fondling her hair. Her hair.

His eyes flashed rapidly from lurid page to taunting face. The slender pencilled hips, the disdainful lick of tongue. Then suddenly down to where those opulent breasts heaved pendulously against the gown. The demon snapped its remaining bonds.

The book whined across the room. In his left hand was her right breast, in his right hand her left. Soft, weighty, pliant, ample.

They studied one another for a fulcrum of time that could send them in either direction. Slowly, with dramatic lack of haste, she turned her attention to his spread hands. A baiting snigger curled her lip.

'But Deryk never . . .'

The giant sprang. Leaping from his recumbent position Wyley seized her with rough fury, ripping the tiresome effrontery of gown over her shocked head, hurling it to one side. He absorbed her glistening nakedness with glaring eyes, then snatched her to him.

His hands skidded lustily over her back, bottom, thighs, shoulders, arms. He clamped rigid lips to her lips, burst with his tongue excitedly through her defences.

They floated a while in ambivalent embrace – he pressing, pressing, gathering her like gold into his hands, she ungiving, unacknowledging, cold.

Then a fire of anger awoke in her. Her tongue lashed against the intruder, forcing it back. Her hands thrust to break free from him. Her body arched like a tiger's to withstand him. They tottered unsteadily, the balance swaying this way and that. He summoned every vestige of energy to retain his hold. They clung, locked in a desperate grapple. Her hands tore at his tee-shirt, dug into his back, scrabbled at the waist of his pants. Rivers of sweat streaked his limbs, his neck. He could not defeat her. He thought she must repulse him. He trembled with awful premonition of failure. His mind teetered with despair.

And then he heard, amid the roaring and shrieking in his ears, a new sound. What was it? What could it mean? A sound of low, urging moans. The balance jerked in his favour. The lock of her limbs melted to his possessing. Her knees capitulated. She crumbled, moaning louder, before his onslaught. It was enough.

Breaking, he grabbed her wholesale, threw her sprawling onto the sofa. He savoured the toppled sight of her, legs spread by the impact, eyes bulging with exultant fear. Her turn now to lie supine.

In moments he was out of his rag of shirt, had peeled off jeans and pants. He advanced, pulsing with raw intent. As he

*turn to page 82*

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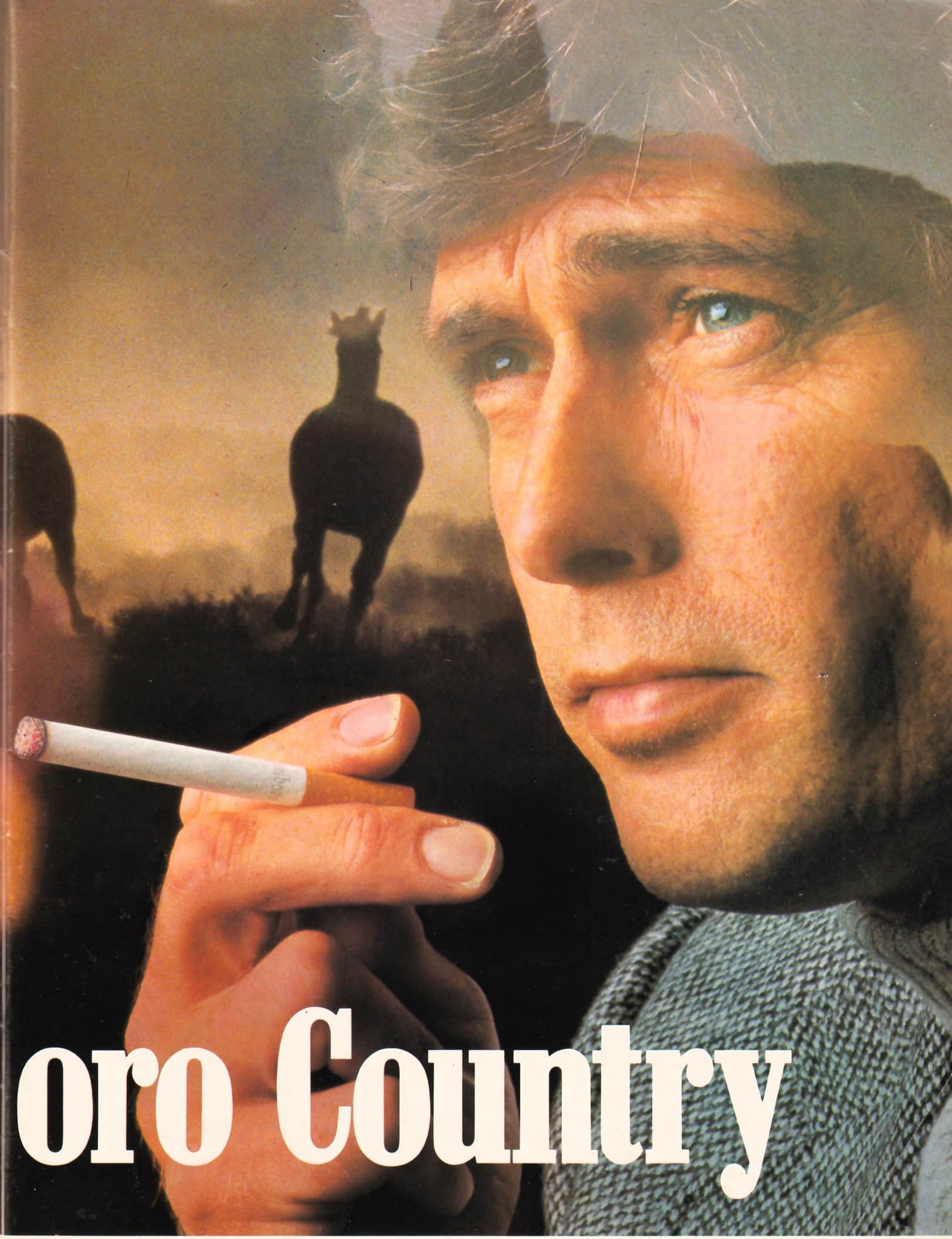
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WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

An assassin's fatal shots triggered World War One. But it was only by remarkable coincidences that his bullets were on target

# Black Sunday in Sarajevo

## By R Hudson-Smith

What has come to be regarded as perhaps the most fateful Sunday in history dawned in warm sunshine at the spa of Ilidze, not far from a remote town called Sarajevo in what is now Yugoslavia. The date was June 28, 1914, and the heir to the throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and his Duchess Sophie, had spent the night at the spa's luxurious Hotel Bosna. It was to be their last day on earth.

Their assassination on that sunny June morning sparked off a war which eventually involved 32 nations on six continents. Its battles flared on land from China to the poppy-fields of Picardy, by sea from Jutland to the Falkland Islands. More than 65 million men were mobilised and the total casualty list topped 37 million, with an estimated 13 million dead. It was the first war to engulf whole nations, including civilians, millions of whom died.

Franz Ferdinand was on an official visit to Bosnia, an Imperial province, and for three days had been watching military manoeuvres, which had pleased him. His aides, however, were worried about the risk of assassination. Bosnia had been annexed by Austria-Hungary six years before and swarmed with partisans of the independent kingdom of Serbia, who dreamed of creating an independent Slav nation. Franz Ferdinand, too, was aware of this danger, but though gruff and overbearing he was not the sort of man to skirt it. Indeed, like the late President Kennedy, he scoffed at security measures and took delight in trying to give his bodyguards the slip. When the electricity failed on his train from Vienna, he joked that it was 'another premonitory sign,' and when candles were lit, he remarked: 'What do you think of this illumination? Like a tomb, isn't it?' During the manoeuvres he had been highly amused when his bodyguards pounced on a civilian behind a bush. 'Let him go', he ordered, 'he's the court photographer. He's only doing his job.'

On the evening of June 27 the Archduke invited the military governor of Sarajevo, General Oskar Potiorek, and local dignitaries to dinner at the hotel. While an orchestra played Viennese waltzes, he discussed with his wife Sophie their goodwill visit to the provincial capital Sarajevo the

ILLUSTRATION BY GINO D'ACHILLE

following day. His aides were against the visit and had tried to persuade the Archduke to cancel it and return to Vienna, but he would not listen. He did not wish to offend the town. The tour so far had been a success and he was in a confident, relaxed mood. Also, he knew that Sophie would be disappointed for she was enchanted with the prospect of another day's respite from the pomp and suffocating etiquette at the court of the Emperor Franz Josef, where she was snubbed and unhappy.

Franz Ferdinand adored his wife, but their love-match had infuriated the stiff-necked Emperor, who never forgave his heir for marrying a mere countess – an act tantamount in his eyes to breaking a divine commandment. He had only consented to the marriage after Franz Ferdinand had signed under duress a deed declaring the marriage morganatic and excluding any children from the succession. This still rankled him, and during the Bosnian tour he had ignored royal protocol and insisted that his wife be accorded the precedence and respect of a true archduchess. Sophie herself had no aspirations to high rank and privilege. She was a kind, intelligent woman of great charm and had proved a distinct social asset to her husband on their trip, so much so that the Archduke declared that marrying her had been the cleverest thing he had done in his life.

On the Sunday morning the Royal couple attended mass in Ilidze, after sending a telegram to their three beloved children informing them that they would be home on Tuesday. Then, at 9.28 they took a train from the little village station to Sarajevo – and their appointment with death. General Potiorek was in charge of the security arrangements, but his failure to take even minimal precautions amounted to criminal negligence. Warned by the anxious police chief of Sarajevo of the danger of assassins, he had scoffed, 'You see ghosts everywhere!' Even when told that amateur terrorists had made six unsuccessful attempts on the lives of Hapsburg notables, the General scornfully dismissed them as 'Malicious schoolchildren.'

This incredible attitude virtually sealed the Royal couple's fate. Even as their train steamed out of Ilidze six terrorists in Sarajevo were preparing to take up positions along the route of the procession, which had been published in the local Press. Although very young, they were far from being 'malicious schoolchildren.' They were fanatical conspirators about to change the course of history.

They were all teenage Serb nationalists and atheists, except a Muslim carpenter, Muhamed Mehmedbasic (pronounced Meshmedbasich). Three, Trifko Grabez ('Treefko Grabage'), Nedjelko Cabrinovic ('Nedyelko Chabrinovich'), and Gavrilo Princip ('Gaavrilo Printsip'), were close friends and had been recruited and trained in terrorism in Belgrade by the Black Hand, a secret organisation controlled by the sinister Colonel Dimitrijevic, chief of the Serbian Intelligence Service and probable organiser of the Archduke's murder. Cabrinovic was a fiery anarchist and a neurotic. Boastful and indiscreet, he had already been in trouble with the police for organising a strike at the printers where he worked. In one of the cheap cafés he frequented he had met and struck up a friendship with the student Grabez, the son of an Orthodox priest, and also a revolutionary.

The name of the other member of the Belgrade trio of assassins, Gavrilo Princip, has gone down in history – it was he who fired the fatal shots. A broody, taciturn youth of 19, Princip was dedicated to the cause of Serbian nationalism and had been inspired by the writings of Russian revolutionaries. Even as a schoolboy he had taken secret courses in pistol-shooting and bomb throwing. His piercing eyes, sallow skin and prominent jaw gave him the look of a true fanatic and the Black Hand considered him the most reliable of the three. He was certainly more mature than his two comrades, who held him in some awe. The son of a postman, Princip had known nothing but poverty: as he said at his trial: 'I have lived all my life on credit.'

Three weeks before the Archduke was due to visit Sarajevo the Black Hand supplied the three youths with arms and smuggled them into Bosnia. But to make completely sure of the death of the Archduke, the organisation instructed their agent in Sarajevo, an ex-schoolmaster named Danilo Ilich, to recruit three local nationalists.

It did not take Ilich long to find his recruits. The first was Mehmedbasic, at 26 the eldest of the group and a veteran terrorist with experience of assassination plots. The other two, Vaso Cubrilovic and Cvetko Popovic, were just 17 and still at school, but already political firebrands in the cause of Serbian nationalism. They were, however, absolute beginners in terrorism. The Black Hand agents provided their new recruits with weapons and trained them in their use. Although he had been placed in charge of the operation by his superiors in Belgrade, Ilich did not play an active part in the murders and proved to be a despicable character, as we shall see.

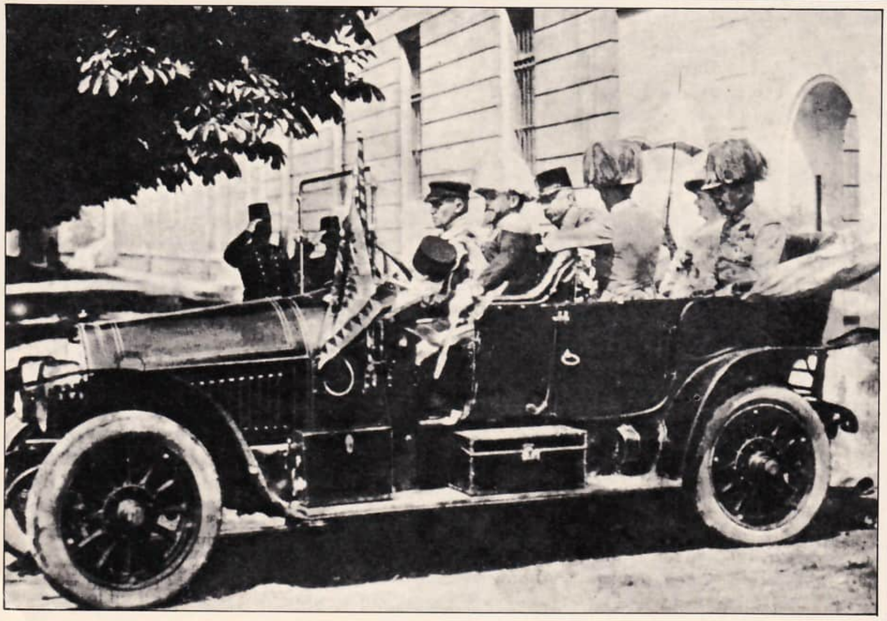
By 10 o'clock on that Sunday morning all six of the assassins were strung out at their appointed posts along the Appel Quay, a mile-long straight road bordering the Miljacka river. Only four had revolvers – Princip was one of them – as there were not enough to go round, but the Black Hand had supplied each one with a delayed-action bomb with a 12-second fuse. In shape they looked somewhat like a miniature jerrican and were detonated by striking the cap against a hard object, then thrown. As a grim precaution, each youth had been given a phial of poison.

Just after ten the Ilidze train drew into Sarajevo station, and the Archduke made the customary inspection of troops before he and his party left in five cars for the mayor's reception at the town hall. Franz Ferdinand, with Sophie on his right, sat in the back of the second car, a dark green Graf und Stift, which had the hood furled to allow the crowds a better view of the Royal couple. He looked every inch an archduke – his pale-blue tunic was bemedalled, and his cocked hat was adorned with sweeping ostrich feathers. Sophie was enchanting in a white dress and picture hat, under a matching parasol. The owner of the car, Count Harrach, sat beside the driver and the Governor, General Potiorek, was on the drop-seat.

At 10.17 the motorcade reached the Appel Quay. It was a picturesque scene. As she smiled and waved to the crowds lining the road, the nature-loving Sophie must have enjoyed her last view of the countryside.

The first in line of the assassins was Mehmedbasic, armed only with a bomb. As the royal car drew abreast of him his courage failed, though he claimed afterwards that a policeman came and stood

*turn to page 75*



*Setting out from Sarajevo Town Hall on their last journey Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his Duchess Sophie sit in the back seat of Count Harrach's Graf und Stift car. The Count is sitting next to the driver and the Governor, General Potiorek, is in the drop-seat.*

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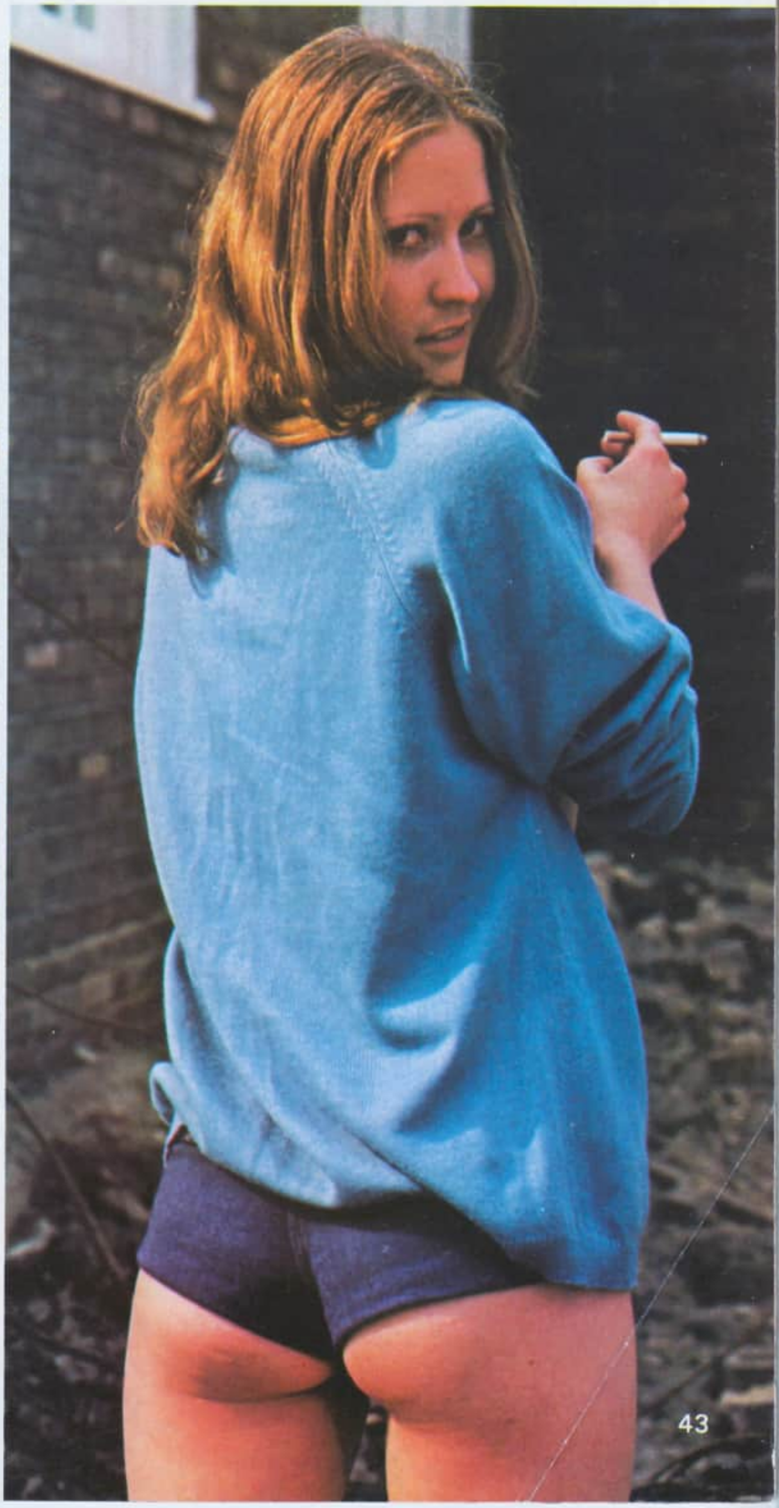
# JANE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY BIGMAN

What's a nice girl like Jane Boughton doing pushing a wheel-barrow on a building site? Is this Larry Bigman's bizarre idea of a sexy backdrop to Jane's lithe 34-24-35 lines? 'I work here', explained Jane in her immaculate English. And she's not the site secretary – she's an unskilled labourer with plans to become a carpenter. 'I find it challenging and get on well with the blokes. I do the dirty jobs as well, but naturally I can't manage anything too heavy, and I confess my concrete is sloppy'.



Jane was working on a building site not far from her flat in Chigwell Essex. But 20-year-old Jane is originally from Weston-super-Mare and lived there until she was 17 and then ran away to London with her boyfriend. She's since parted company with the boyfriend and over the past three years has enjoyed a variety of jobs starting with one as a dental nurse. 'I really loved the work, but I didn't get on with the boss and the money wasn't much good' She then worked in a cinema, first as an usherette and then as a projectionist, but in January 1980 she swapped her magic lantern for a wheel-barrow. Then several people kept suggesting that she should try modelling. 'So in the end I decided to and now I'd like to keep it up.' Away from work Jane has two main preoccupations – disco dancing and house plants, preferably those that are colourful.

Jane's father is managing director of a printing firm in Weston-super-Mare and her mother works as his secretary. They placed her at Broad Oak mixed comprehensive school at Weston-super-Mare where she enjoyed English drama and cookery. 'I was a rebel at school, quite naughty and chased all over the place by the boys. I loved it – fantastic. Although I tried to get out of going whenever I could, I look back on my school days with fond memories.' Her ambitions? 'Well, I won't say the usual ones – to get rich and see the world – I think I'd just like to grow old gracefully.' Jane also looks forward to the warm summer weather, but will she strip to the waist in true labourer tradition? 'Yes I will. I don't see why I shouldn't'.

When the love of your life walks out of your world prove to her you don't give a damn. Re-arrange the furniture in the love nest. Repaint your car. Better still, repaint her car. Best of all, repaint the windows of her car

# How to overcome your broken heart

Humour by John Mendelssohn

Over the course of his amorous adventures, not a chap among us hasn't been told by the apple of his eye to sod off at least once. As a consequence, not a chap among us hasn't spent precious months or years that he can never, ever retrieve feeling frightfully low.

But no more! Thanks to recent breakthroughs in modern behaviour therapy, none of us ever need squander even a millisecond feeling lowdown and execrable. Techniques that have for years been helping countless thousands to overcome seemingly untreatable addictions to alcohol, drugs, and *Crossroads* have been found to be just as effective in the treatment of addictions to departed lovers, and for this all of us have reason aplenty to exclaim, 'Hooray!'

Indeed, by following the course of self-rehabilitation outlined in the clauses, sentences, and paragraphs to follow, one may not only regain his emotional feet, but resume cutting a wide swath through British and other womanhood in only five short weeks!

Here's how to begin. Gather up all the silly little things that remind you of your errant enamorata – the adorable ceramic puppies you were always embarrassed to allow Her to display in your living room, the scandalous photographs of Her and that freakishly-endowed donkey you snapped that carefree *sangría*-soaked afternoon in the backstreets of Barcelona, the linoleum catsuit you bought Her in Hamburg. Put all of these in what you and we will call your Implosion Box. Seal your Implosion Box and store it in the most obscure corner of your garage.

Sidestep the 'stimulus cues' that trigger the blues by changing your environment. If She was allergic to budgies, buy a pair of the rotters and name them with words that invariably made Her recoil and whimper, 'Oh, Christ, Rupert, don't torment me so.' Phlegm and Pus are superb choices, although those who are keen on esoterica may well prefer Smegma. Rearrange the furniture in the love nest you and She shared, or repaint your car.

Better yet, repaint Her car, preferably when She isn't about. Best yet, repaint the windows of Her car.

There are loads of reasons for you to begin keeping an 'emotional bankbook' at this point. First, writing your thoughts down gets them out of your head, so that you're not walking around all day on the verge of bellowing, 'Bugger yourself sideways, Gillian!' at the top of your lungs. Second, dutifully writing all your thoughts down soon becomes a decided ache in the arse – a phenomenon behaviour therapists know as 'response cost.' Further, when you're jotting your thoughts down, you're *not* dashing to the phone to share them with Her. Thus, you're sparing yourself the awful humiliation, every time you think you've hit on the perfect thing to say to change Her mind, of being put on hold or told that She's in a meeting, even though She's a lighthouse keeper.

If you've got the lolly, have a holiday. Indulge your compulsion to buy Her a gift as soon as you arrive, but make certain it's small enough to stick in the bottom of your suitcase and forget, like a vial of the uniquely virulent local sailors' pox. Write Her postcards rather than letters. Don't sign them 'love,' but rather 'ciao.' Or, if you're in a tropical paradise She always dreamed of visiting, 'Eat your heart out, slutcakes.'

Begin Week Two by learning to confine your grieving to one hour daily. Schedule this 'sob hour' at an inconvenient time – when Joan Collins customarily drops in whenever she's in the neighbourhood, for instance. Spend the hour in your least comfortable chair, with Barry Manilow records playing in the background, or, better yet, in the foreground. In other words, make the whole experience as distasteful as possible, so that you'll come to dread it like the return of Clodagh Rodgers.

Don't get blue – get livid. Take advantage, in this way, of the fact that your brain centres, and your mates' as well, for that matter, share the same neural pathways. Compile a detailed inventory of all the most unspeakably vile bollocks She put you through over the course of your romance. Recall, for instance, the afternoon you came home from work early and found Her in bed with a coachful of supporters of the football team you most avidly loathe.

If, after a week and a half, you're still finding it difficult to get to sleep in the dark without Her warm and lissome body snuggled up against yours, invite Her over to help install a dimmer switch in your bedroom. Persuade Her to stand in a bucket of water while She does so.

You'll have found that a particular sentence has been popping into your head and making you weep – something on the order of, 'How could She leave me for *Nigel*?' Repeat this sentence over and over, glancing at a photograph of Lulu as you speak its last syllable. Keep repeating the sentence, administering the 'negative stimulus' of the glance at the merciless songstress's likeness progressively nearer the beginning. Soon you'll hardly be able to squeeze, 'How . . .?' out without wincing.

Everybody's had the experience of feeling unable to ignore his bladder's screams for relief for another second, only to forget all about pissing while passing an extraordinary sale on St. Laurent sportswear en route to the gents'. Make this phenomenon – known to behaviour therapists as 'the ratchet effect' (for reasons known only to behaviour therapists) – work for you at the onset of Week Three by substituting a pleasurable activity for a saddening one. Get acquainted with the lovely Lorraine Chase, for instance, instead of driving stealthily past Her new digs to see if the coach of the supporters of the football team you most zealously detest is parked in front. Having been able to put off torturing yourself this time, it'll be that much easier the next.

Fantasizing that a chance meeting with Her will result in a chance reconciliation, many victims of broken hearts fall prey to 'neurotic stimulus generalization' by getting all crazed and clammy at the mere sight of a bountifully-endowed blonde, lissome brunette, or blue Mini-Cooper

ILLUSTRATION BY KEN LAIDLAW

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with an 'I Brake for Mrs Thatcher' bumper sticker, if that, respectively, was what She was, or drove.

Behaviour therapists tell us that the cure for this is 'non-reinforcement of the chase response to the generalized stimulus.' This may be self-administered by devoting an entire day – Discrimination Day, if you will – to dashing after every bountifully-endowed blonde or lissome brunette or pulling up alongside every blue Mini-Cooper with an 'I Brake for Mrs Thatcher' bumper sticker you glimpse.

After a day of being slapped by bountifully-endowed blondes who aren't She, savagely rebuked by lissome brunettes who aren't She, and arrested for too closely following blue Minis with 'I Brake for Mrs Thatcher' that someone other than She is driving, you're apt to get loads less crazed and clammy at the sight of such stimuli in future.

(Note: this works only with very common stimuli. If She drives a chartreuse '34 Bugatti with Zimbabwe licence plates, skip this step. There are apt to be only a few such cars in Pinner.)

Begin Week Four with your very own personal Implosion Day. Flood yourself with grief – to borrow Dr Thomas Stampfl's appealingly aquatic term – by spending every waking minute gazing at the contents of your Implosion Box. By day's end, you should have exhausted the biochemical secretion mechanism that's been making you feel so horrific, and will discover that you're now only bored by the box's heretofore-heart-lacerating contents. No more a cringing supplicant at its sight, you'll be able to buff your very boots with Her linoleum catsuit, for instance.

Endear yourself now both to a favourite charity and to yourself as well by giving away something She left in your care. Better yet, give away things She *didn't* leave in your care – preferably, of course, while no fuzz look on.

As Week Five dawns, begin to initiate new relationships, using what Dr Zev Wanderer, the founder of The Center for Behavior Therapy in Beverly Hills, California, USA, calls The Sherlock Holmes Technique. 'Investigate' smashing birds with whom you long to become romantically entangled by asking them such questions about themselves as, 'Do you come here often?' and, 'What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?'

Expel what Dr Albert Ellis calls 'phobic mythical catastrophe sentences' from your head, and replace them with sanguine ruminations. For instance, don't say, 'Valerie was right: I *am* hung like a hamster, but rather, 'Memphis Minnie was right: It ain't the meat, but the motion that matters.'

Bear in mind that the odds favour *you.* How, after all, would you have had the relationship from whose loss you've been recovering if you were really the irredeemable wanker you thought yourself when you embarked on this course of self-rehabilitation?

British womanhood awaits. Have at 'em, tiger.

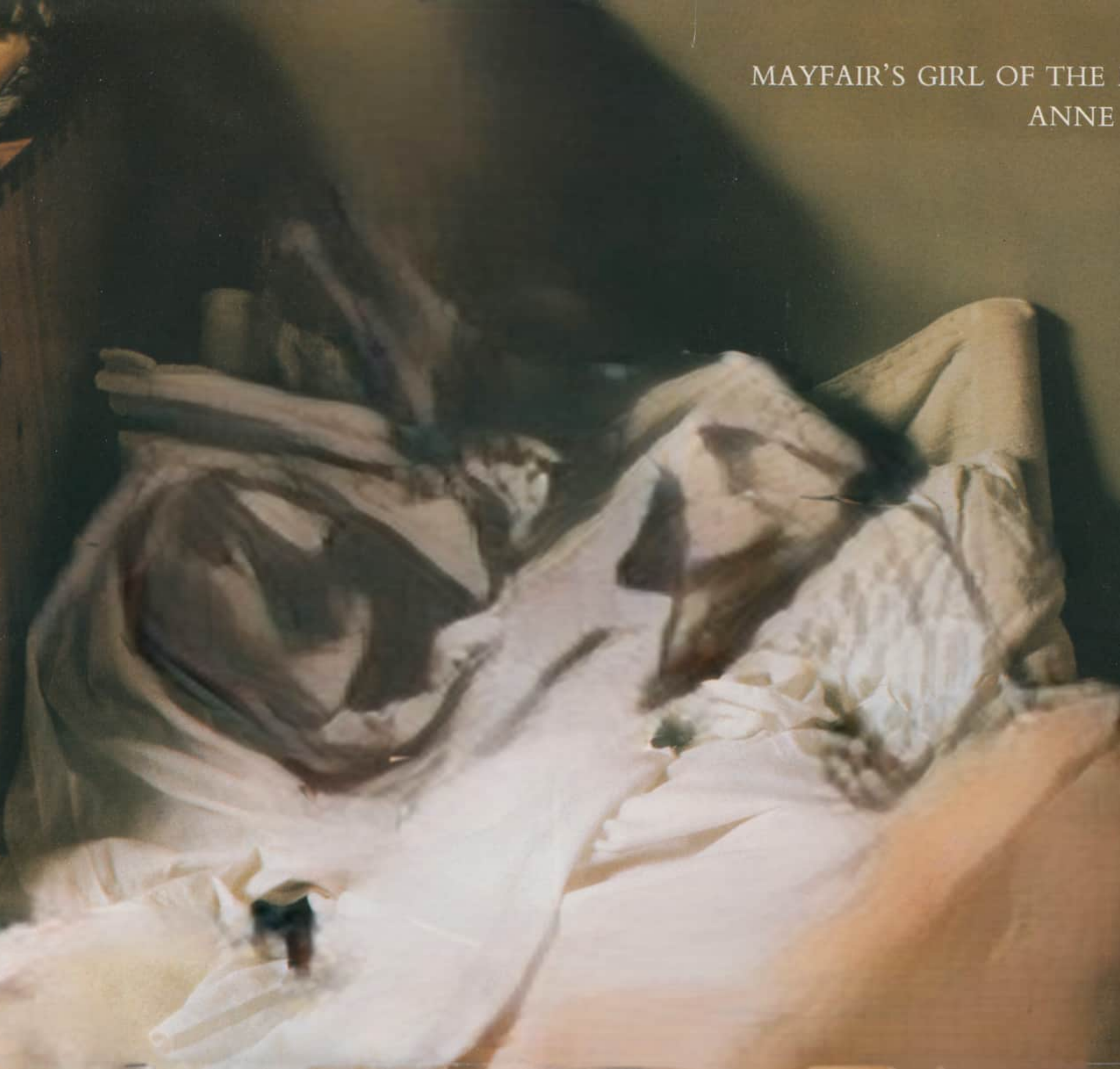
# ANNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Anne Sparks would never dream of going out with someone her own age. She likes the older man, more than half as old again as she is, mature and worldly, and preferably those who have attained the ripe old age of 25! For Anne is barely 16-years-old and left school a few months ago to embark on a career in the modelling profession, and maybe, one day, she might be lucky enough to do a little acting. When Anne attended Highams Park mixed comprehensive school in Chingford her two favourite subjects were English and drama. She even belonged to the school's active drama club.

Despite Anne's modelling aspirations and her curvy, nubile 36-24-35 figure she was usually cast as a humorous, matronly character. 'I somehow always seemed to be playing the role of a mother in school productions,' said Anne. 'And most of the productions tended to be humorous revues.' Anne admits to getting a certain thrill from being in the public glare: 'I'm very much an exhibitionist and would like to visit the Brighton nudist beach.' Anne's other areas of enjoyment are swimming, going out with her boyfriend and sex. 'Yes, I enjoy sex very much,' she happily confirms.

Anne has spent most of her life in the Chingford area of East London, except for three years when she was very tiny and lived in Hampshire. 'I like this part of London,' says Anne, 'and I enjoyed my schooldays here.' She still lives at home with her parents – her father's a printer, while her mother thinks Anne's modelling 'is great'. Anne is also learning to drive at the Cardrome private road layout near Ilford. But not for long, we suspect – she pranged her boyfriend's Mini there.



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Stafford (0785) 661293/4/5
**Suffolk**
Minden Motor Co. Ltd.
Bury St. Edmunds (0284) 3418/9
Stocks
Ipswich (0473) 49666
**Surrey**
Coombs & Sons Guildford Ltd.
Guildford (0483) 69944/62907
Cronk of Chipstead
Chipstead
Downland (07375) 56221
Cronk of Reigate
Reigate (073 72) 22223
New Central Garage
Cobham (09326) 7141
Romans of Woking
Pirbright
Brookwood (04867) 4567

**Sussex**
The Ashdown Garage
Haywards Heath
Chelwood Gate (082 574) 456
Chandlers Garage (Brighton) Ltd.
Brighton (0273) 27991/2/3/4
Chandlers Service Station Ltd.
Lancing (090 63) 65074/5/6/7
Daltons of Hailsham Ltd.
Hailsham (0323) 844032/844482
Harrington Motors
Horsham (0403) 60246/8
**Tyne & Wear**
Priory Cars Ltd.
North Shields (0632) 578227
Mill Garages (Sunderland) Ltd.
Sunderland (0783) 57631/2/3
**Warwickshire**
The Donald Healey Motor Co. Ltd.
Warwick (0926) 41235
**Wiltshire**
Dick Lovett Specialist Cars
Wroughton (0793) 812387
Woodrows Harnham Garage
Salisbury (0722) 24933/4
**Yorkshire**
Allisons Garages Ltd.
Doncaster (0302) 69191/2/3/4
Almondbury Garage Ltd.
Huddersfield (0484) 23435/36789
Andrews Bros. (Bradford) Ltd.
Bradford (0274) 495521
Hallamshire Motor Co. Ltd.
Sheffield (0742) 25048/9/0
G. Eric Hunt Ltd.
Ferrensby
Copgrove (090-14) 436/7
G. Eric Hunt Ltd.
Bramhope
Leeds (0532) 842238/9 842842
Malton Motors Ltd.
Norton, Malton (0653) 5151
Sandal Motors (Bayern) Ltd.
Wakefield (0924) 63796/7/8
Seacroft Motor Centre
Leeds (0532) 643772/648739
**Scotland**
Calterdon Ltd.
Inverness (0463) 36566
John Clark Specialist Cars
Aberdeen (0224) 54938
Harry Fairbairn Ltd.
Irvine (0294) 78793
Harry Fairbairn Ltd.
Glasgow (041) 638 6522
Golden Lion Garage Ltd.
Arbroath (0241) 72919
Grassicks Garage Ltd.
Perth (0738) 25481
Menzies Motors Ltd.
Stirling (0786) 4477/8
Western Automobile Co. Ltd.
Edinburgh (031-337) 9985/6/7
**Wales**
Green Bower Garages Ltd.
Haverfordwest
Rhos (043-786) 251/2/3
LMT Garages Ltd.
Newport (0633) 273699
Leslie H. Trainer & Son Ltd.
Swansea (0792) 21535/23595
Premier Cars (RSJ) Ltd.
Aberconwy
Deganwy (0492) 82441
S. L. Garages
Cardiff (0222) 23122
**Northern Ireland**
Bavarian Garages (NI) Ltd.
Belfast (0232) 33331
JKC Specialist Cars Ltd.
Coleraine (0265) 55222
R. J. Walker – The Country Garage
Ballymena
Kells (026 689) 891324
**Channel Islands**
Jacksons Garage (Guernsey) Ltd.
St. Peter Port (0481) 23916/7/8
Jacksons Garage Ltd.
St. Helier
Jersey (0534) 20281

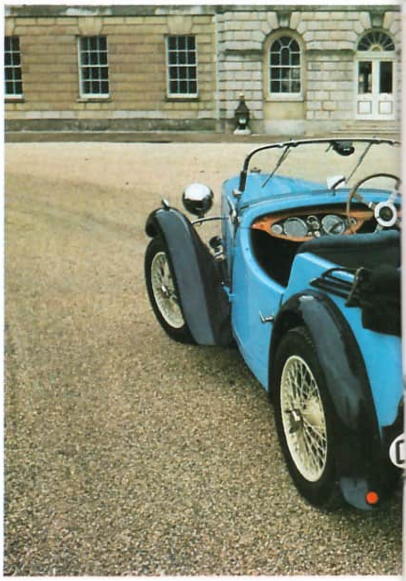
Singer sports models were archetypal open-air cars of the pre-war period. Pristinely restored by enthusiasts, they are perfectly in tune with the present 30's revival

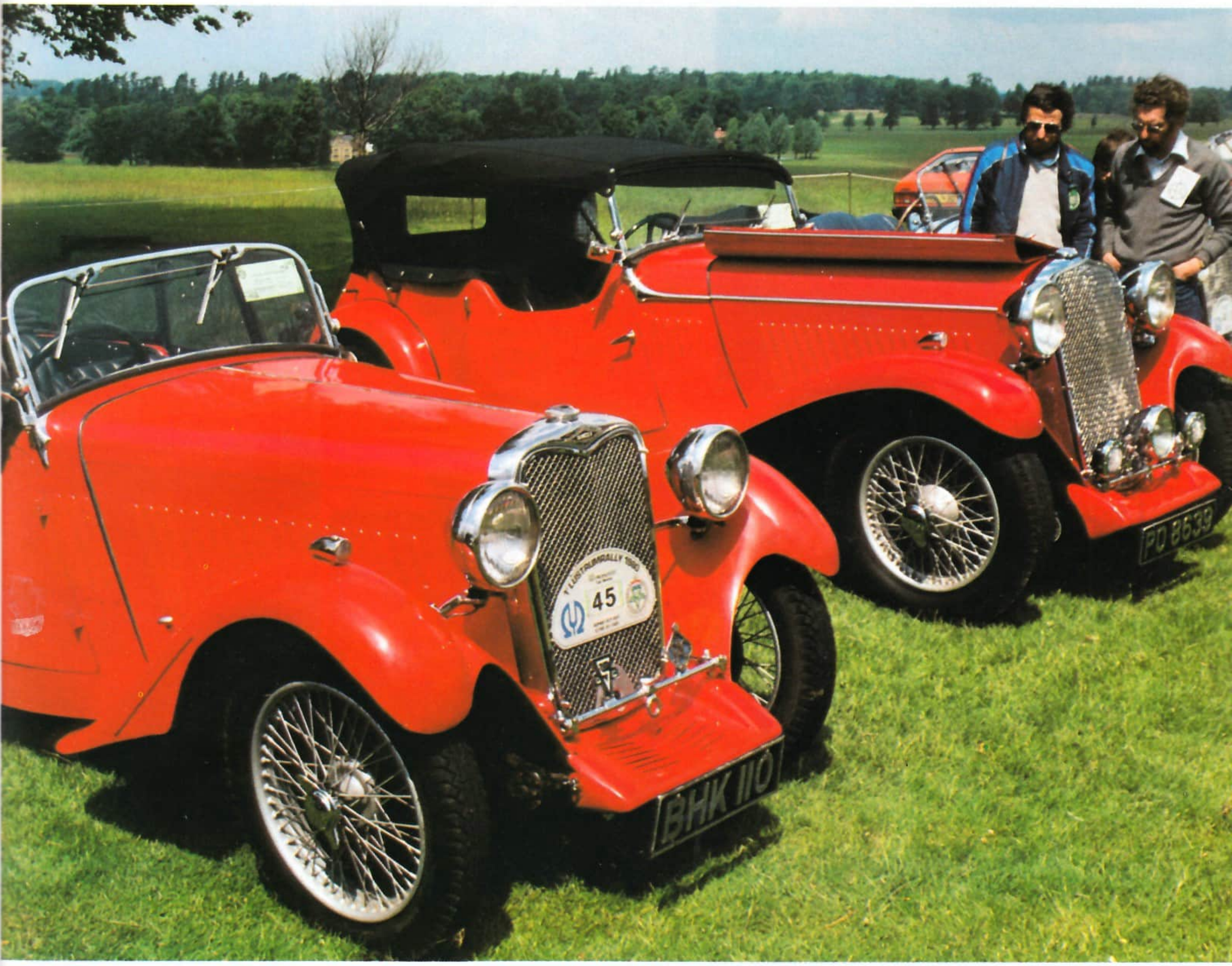
# Singers in tune

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

SINGER
1½ LITRE
LE MANS

Once upon a time, in the days before everyone watched *Dallas* or *Crossroads*, attractive girls would go out in the raw fresh air in cars driven by young sportsmen. In those now faraway days they had bobbed hair that would withstand the rush of air past a fold-flat windscreen, and cloche hats that gave protection without blowing away. It was an age of keep-fitness (remember the Hitler Youth?), jazz, short skirts, Brooklands, and in the motoring parlance, hard suspension, 'crash' gearboxes and a good deal of fun in the prevailing mud-slogging trials, run by many motor clubs. It was the age of the Singer, when that make competed against the MG





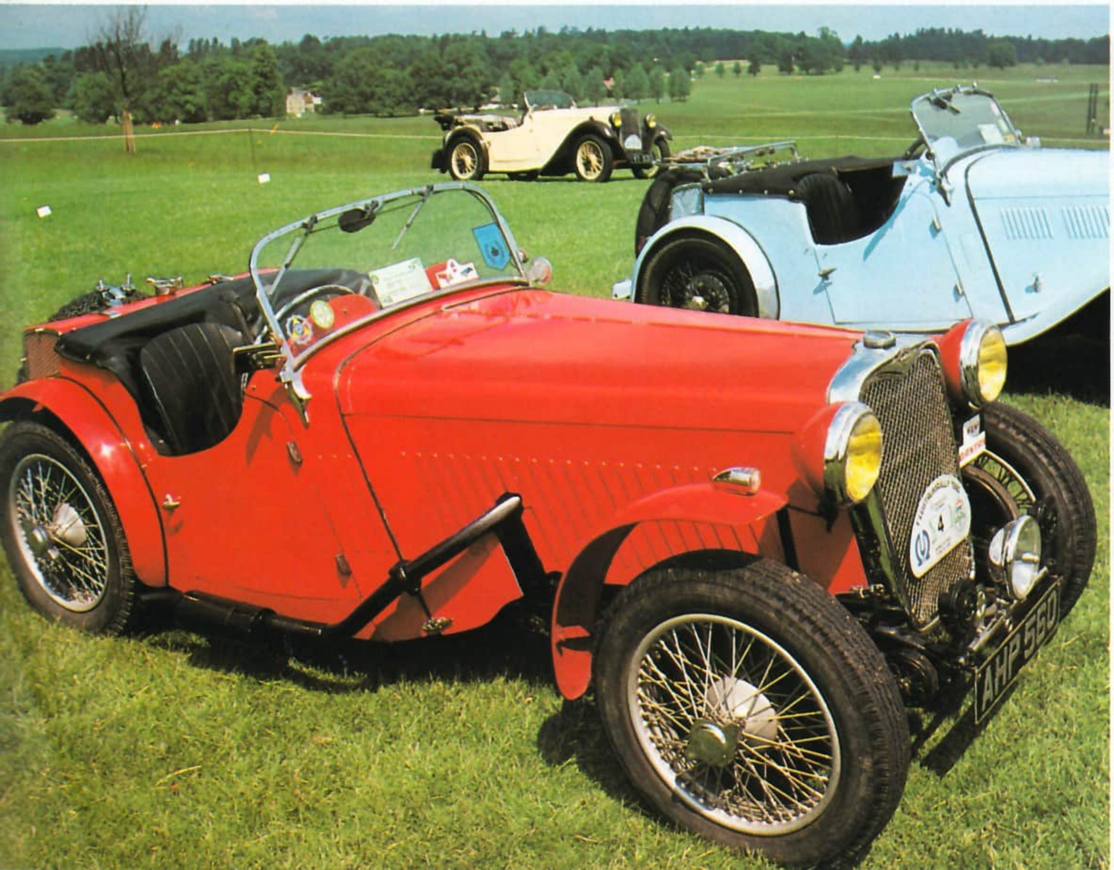
*Starting top left, the spoked-wheel spinner of a 1934 Singer Le Mans. Below this is a 1939 Roadster, and in the adjoining picture is a dark blue 1934, four-seater Singer 9. Far left, a pale blue 1936 Singer 9 two-seater and in the background, a 1934 four-seater Le Mans tourer, and set in stately splendour, a rear view of the same model. Undergoing restoration, a 9 hp replica racer, and above a 1934 Le Mans four-seater in the foreground and the larger 1933 1½ litre four-seater.*

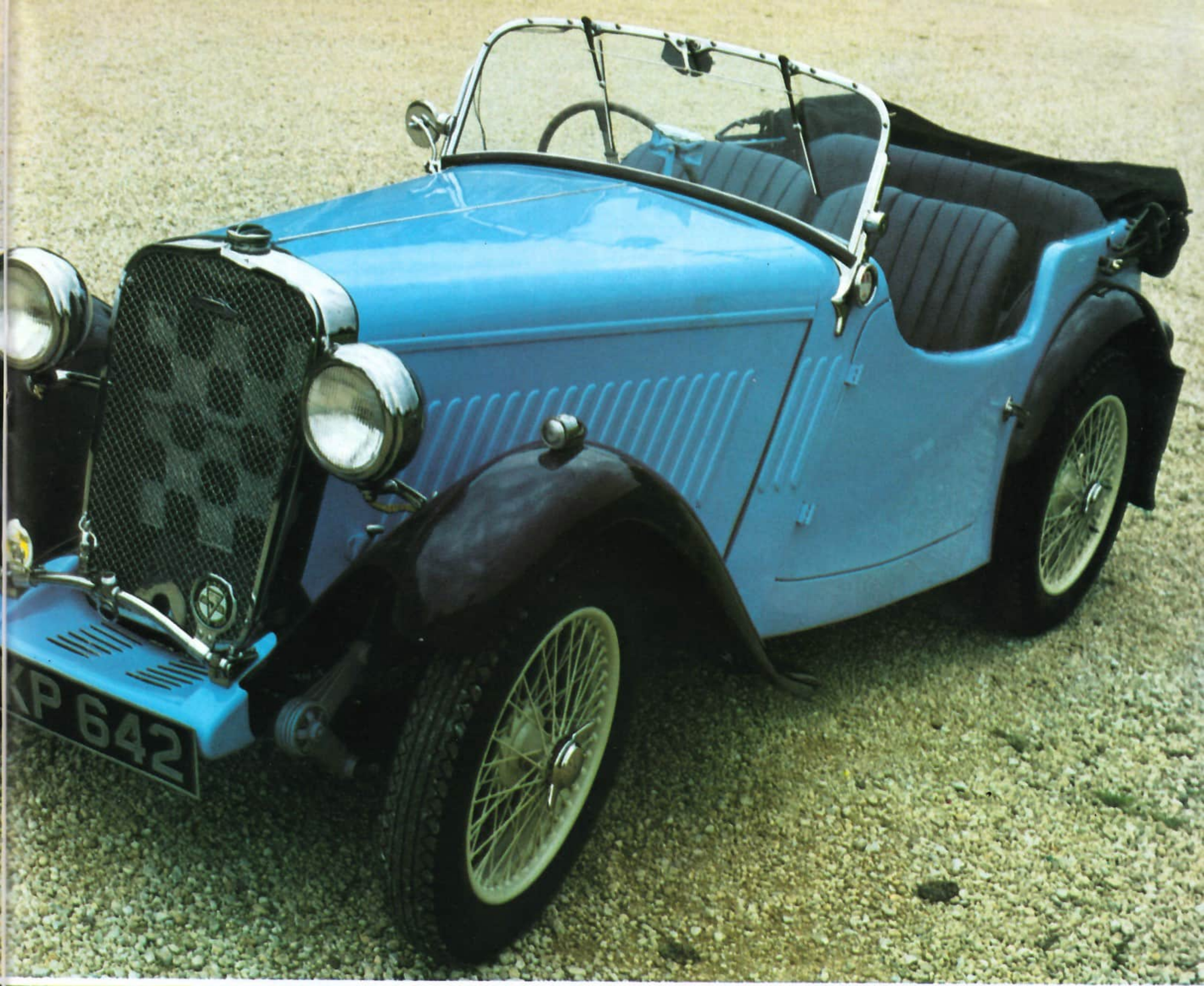
for grip up those treacherous slimy trials hills.

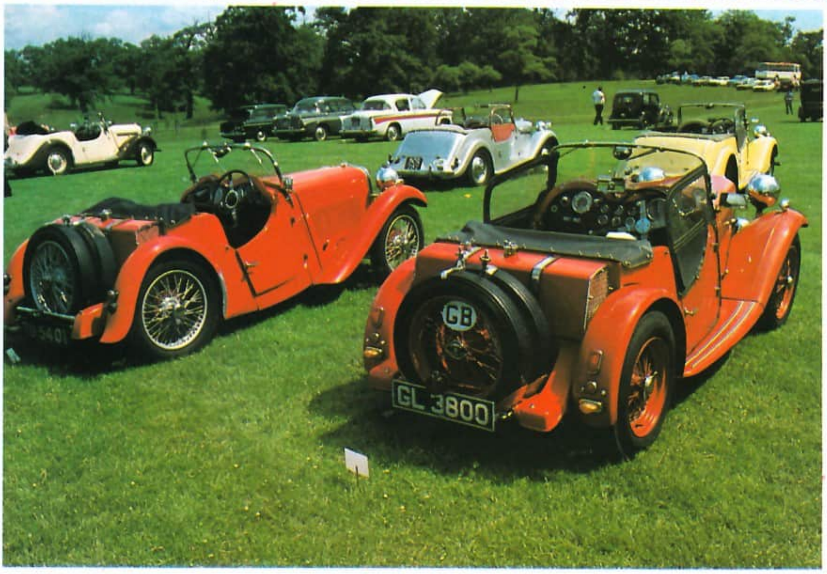
The MG of the octagonal badge, from Abingdon-on-Thames, was perhaps a bit better known than the Singer.

So to come into the same small sports car bracket was a notable achievement for Singer. The Singer began, as did many other cars, with bicycle-making in Coventry and those early Singer Auto-Wheels. Tricars followed motor-tricycles and the first Singer car arrived in 1905. It was quite a hefty 15 hp confection. There was some racing at Brooklands Track to get the name into general circulation, some of it with cars nicknamed 'Bunny' – perhaps they hopped about. Greater success was on the way when the Singer

LIEGE-ROME-LIEGE
15
MOTOR-UNION
BGN I







*Starting top left, and working anti-clockwise, is a four-seater Singer 9 Le Mans Tourer. Merlin Minshall sits in his 1934 Singer Le Mans 1½ litre, the car which gave him a high placing in the Monte Carlo rally. Next a red 1935 1½ litre Le Mans modified for racing and still competing in sprints today. The mahogany dash of a 1934 Le Mans, then a pair of red Le Mans, 1934 and '36, and finally, a 1934 four-seater Le Mans. Today this car is probably worth between £2,500 and £3,500.*

Company decided to enter the realms of the soon-to-be-popular economy-car movement. Just before the Great War engulfed much of the motor industry, Singer came up with a neat little Ten two-seater.

It had a proper car-like, water-cooled, four-cylinder engine and wore a three-speed gearbox in its back-axle. The engine size was 1,100 cc, with the cylinders cast in pairs, and although the weight of this small Singer was that of the newly-founded 'cyclecar' class, it was a true big car in miniature – what today we term a baby car. People like Lionel Martin, soon to be famous for the first Aston-Martin sports cars, and a chap called Hayward, tuned up the little engine until these Singer Tens would do as much as 70 mph and more – before 1915 remember. The catalogue two-seater was priced then at a modest £185, or five guineas more with a dickey-seat, and it was the merchandising of these that set the Rootes brothers on the path to automotive fame and fortune . . .

So Singer set out with a sporting flavour about it. Around 1927, wishing again to have a decent slice of the economy-car cake – motoring for the masses having become an established fact – the Singer engineers launched an ambitious little object called the Singer Junior, which had an overhead-camshaft engine of 850 cc. This was at a time when the Austin Seven that had led the post-Armistice baby-car boom made do with antiquated side-by-side valves, those pop-up 'doors' admitting gas into and out of the cylinders. This Singer Junior tourer and two-seater were joined by a boxy saloon, closed car motoring for the masses being on the way in, and by a sports-model Junior, called the 'Porlock'.

In 1933, the Singer Nine sports model was born. It was able successfully to challenge cars like MGs up the trials hills. It was in the prevailing small sports car idiom. That is to say, it had open bodywork, a slab-shaped petrol tank at the back, behind which could be hung the two extra road-wheels, shod with knobbly-treaded tyres. The price of these Singer Nine Sports, which had low gear ratios desirable for climbing steep gradients, was the same as that of the first Singer Ten of pre-war days, namely a modest £185. The overhead-camshaft engine had a capacity of 972 cc and gave the little car a top speed of about 70 mph. It could be revved up to 5,300 rpm, useful for those trials hills.

The Singer Nine was also seen in racing and speed events. Maybe it never quite lived down the mishap in the 1935 Ulster TT, when three of the new Singer Nines, with very shapely racing bodywork, crashed due to broken steering-arms, two of them ending up one on top of the other in the bank at Bradshaw's Brae, with the redoubtable journalist/racing driver Sammy Davis thrown out, and a fourth Singer withdrawn, presumably just in time. However, repairs were put in hand and two Singers ran at the Shelsley Walsh hill-climb near Worcester not long after the debacle, Davis characteristically at the wheel of one of them, driving for a team captained by Stanley Barnes. Before that, in 1933, Barnes and Langley had completed the course at Le Mans in a Singer Nine four-seater and in that great French 24-hour marathon in 1934 Barnes and Langley brought one of the new three-bearing 1½-litre four-cylinder engined sports Singers in eighth, one place behind that celebrated pair, the Hon. Brian Lewis and F S Hindmarsh, in another of the new Singers. Indeed, Singers of one kind or another continued to run at Le Mans up to 1949.

After 1937 Singer dropped the better form of small sports car, which, however, lingered on in the form of the open-bodied Singer Bantam, continued after the Second World War in independent-front-suspension Roadster form. A nice way of courting some fresh breezes but not a proper sports car, like the pre-war Nines.

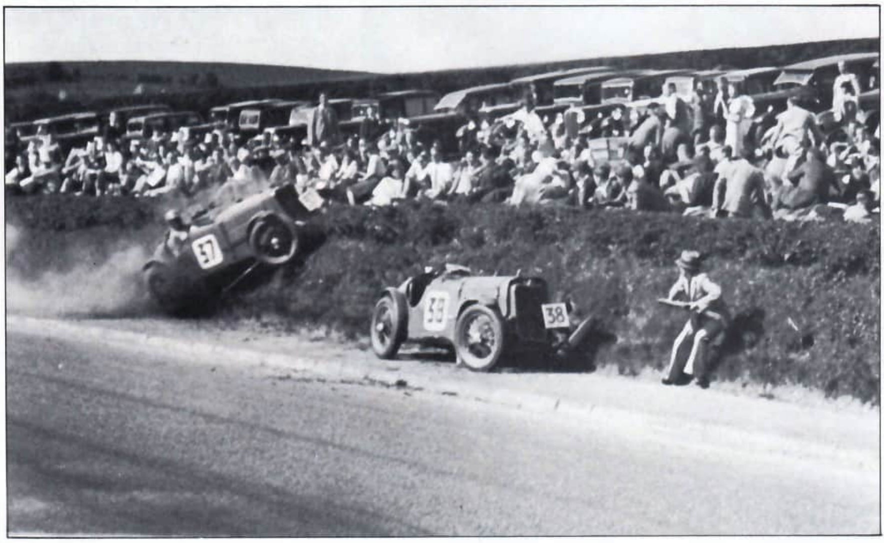
Of those cars which now bring waves of nostalgia to old sporting gents, a man called Hodge ran a tuned single-seater with a curious bulbous body on Brooklands. The production sports Nines had been made in Coventry, home of Singer, although the company had acquired work-space in Birmingham. The two-bearing Nine gave about 29 bhp at 4,400 rpm on a compression-ratio of 6.2 to 1, and would, as I have implied, rev much higher. But revving too high was apt to break the two-bearing crankshaft.

It wasn't only sporting cars that were made by Singer Motors Limited. After the first World War the Ten was developed for more sophisticated use, being given full electrical equipment and, in 1922, a centre-located gearbox in place of the big box of tricks that formerly bobbed up and down with the back axle. They even introduced a 60 mph version, at the elevated price of £500, and they gave the little engine a one-piece cylinder block.

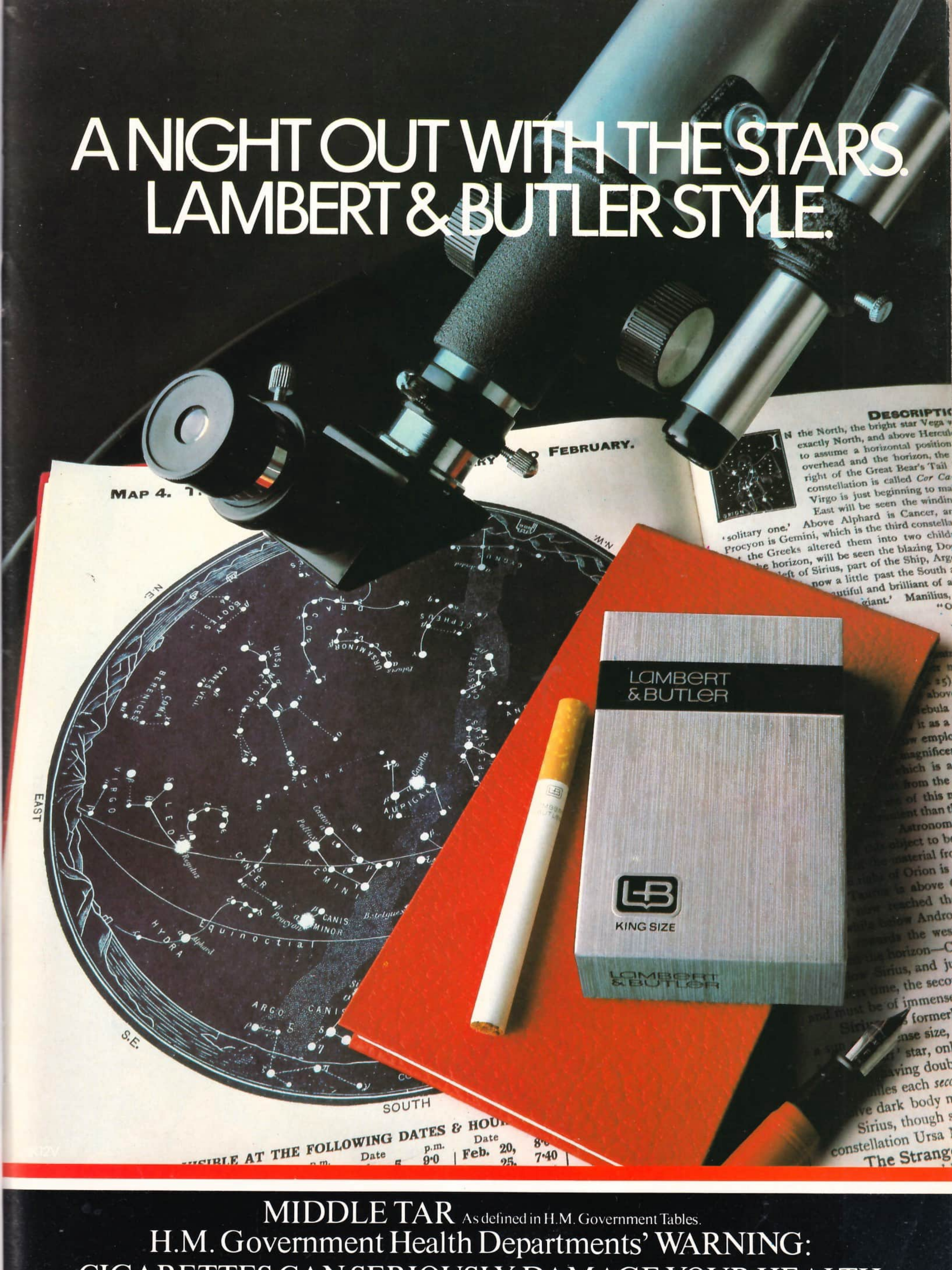
Then there was a more imposing 2-litre side-valve six-cylinder Singer costing nearly £700. But this upmarket move was soon curbed. The 1.3-litre Singer Senior then appeared, as a roomy saloon, predating the baby Junior. As the 8 hp Junior turned into a Nine, saloons came along in keeping and there were more sixes. One of these was possessed of twin carburettors or gas-makers (for making the thing go) and you could have an 'impress-the-neighbours' Kaye Don saloon with a radiator grille that was supposed to represent a fast-flowing waterfall! Later came another monstrosity, in the guise of the Singer Airstream saloon, aping, one imagines, Chrysler's equally-uninspired Airflow styling. Indeed, of the two, I am inclined to think Singer did it better. There were mechanical Singerisms, too, like a clutchless gearshift and, later, a fluidrive transmission, not to overlook early independent front suspension.

Too many models probably killed the golden buyers' goose, as too many cooks spoil the broth. No sooner had the customer got to grips with the Singer Bantam saloon that outwardly resembled a Morris Eight or a Ford Eight saloon, and the rest of the Singer range, up to the 2-litre six-pot model of 1935, than it was time to consider what to have in 1936, starting with a Twelve saloon that had reverted to a beam front axle. In 1938 the Nine, which had grown in engine size to over a litre, reverted to mechanical, from hydraulic, brakes. But a Bantam Roadster for £120 in 1936 cannot have been bad.

After WW2 manufacture of Singers moved to the Birmingham factory, but the too-expensive 1½-litre SM1500 and the equivalent Roadster hardly helped sales, a separate chassis frame, and IFS notwithstanding. The end was in sight, not staved off by some oddballs and the Hunter saloon. By 1956 Rootes had completed a take-over deal. The Singer name was to continue for quite a while, however, in the Gazelle, based on a Hillman Minx body-shell but endowed with the typical Singer single-overhead-camshaft engine, poking out a useful 52 bhp. After which it was all Rootes' expediency, with just the Singer name and badge applied to various Hillman-type cars, including the rear-engined overhead-camshaft Imp, the Singer Chamois of the 1970s.



*The famous accident involving two Singer 9s when their steering failed in the 1935 TT. Sammy Davis's car is about to land on No. 38 previously crashed by Gordon Crosby.*


A NIGHT OUT WITH THE STARS.
LAMBERT & BUTLER STYLE.
LAMBERT & BUTLER
KING SIZE

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.
H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

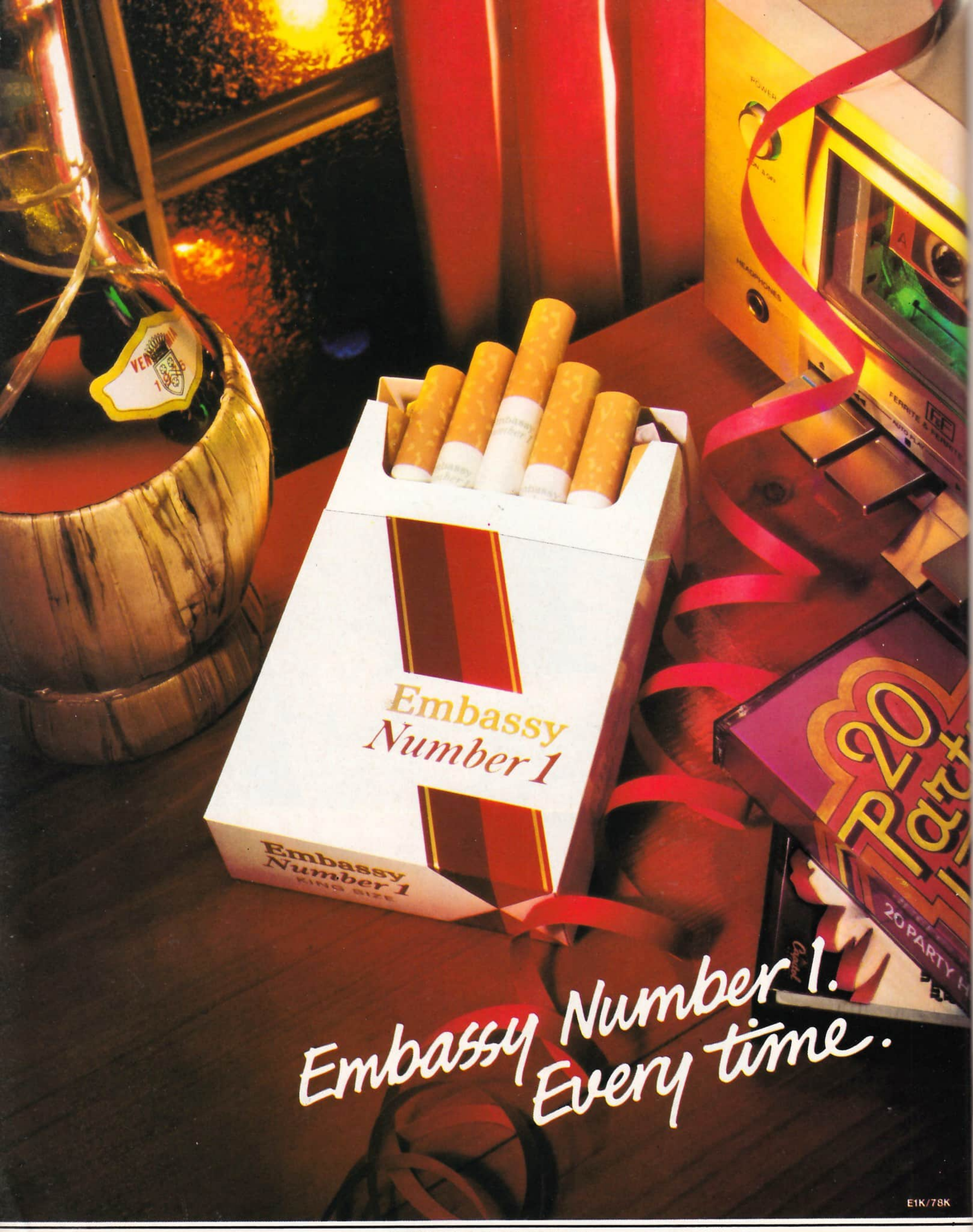
# HAMIDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

When you meet Ma Prem Hamida, her luscious 38–24–36 figure will be clothed in red or orange. These warm and vibrant colours reflect her beliefs. For Hamida is a Sannyasin, a follower of Bhagwan, an Indian mystic who lives in Poona. It was in London that she met members of the cult and, not being the type to let grass grow under her feet, Hamida determined that she would go to India.

Hamida has the grace and poise of the East. Yet she was born Sylvie Tarnesby, the daughter of a doctor in Hampstead. When she left the Moira House School for girls in Eastbourne at the age of 17 she was determined to travel. She went to Israel and worked for two years on a kibbutz. Back in London her sense of fate played its hand. She was talking in a pub to a man she'd never met before. He was a Professor of Mechanical Engineering. The next day she went with him to Jamaica. In all Hamida, who is now just 30, spent ten years travelling the world. But it was back here in London that the transformation in her life was triggered. She saw the orange robes worn by the followers of Bhagwan, the Indian mystic, founder of the Sannyasin cult.

So Hamida raised £600 and went off to Poona where she met Bhagwan who gave her her present name 'the love of Bliss'. There she attended therapy groups and meditation sessions and from it grew a new all-enveloping love of life. Even sex for her has become an entirely new experience. Hamida agreed to pose for us especially as these pictures appear at the same time as a great event for all Sannyasins in Britain. At the Cafe Royal in London on March 14/15 will be The March Event, their biggest gathering ever held here when six therapists will fly in from Poona. Hamida won't be there; she's already gone back to India.


Embassy Number 1
Embassy Number 1 KING SIZE
POWER
HEADPHONES
FERRITE & FERRITE
AUTO PLAY
20 Party
20 PARTY H
Embassy Number 1.
Every time.
E1K/78K

MIDDLE TAR

As defined in H.M. Government Tables

DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

**Black Sunday in Sarajevo**

*continued from page 40*

behind him at the crucial moment. The next in line, 17-year-old Cubrilovic, was no more courageous and did not draw his revolver. He told police later that he did not fire out of compassion for the Duchess, because she looked so pretty. No shot came either from his schoolmate Popovic stationed 50 yards further down the Quay. He explained subsequently to a friend that he was too short-sighted to distinguish the Archduke's car – a most improbable reason. More credible was his confession at the trial, 'I lost my courage.' But across the road from Popovic was the psychopath of the gang, the boastful, would-be hero Cabrinovic. Although he had no revolver, he had spent long hours practising bomb-throwing, and now that his moment had come, he acted. As the motorcade slowly approached, he lobbed his bomb carefully at the second car.

But he had not allowed for the forward motion of the target, and the bomb landed on the furled hood behind Sophie. The Archduke had seen the assassin throw it and turning swiftly brushed it backwards on to the road, where it lay hissing and smoking. Cabrinovic said afterwards: 'Franz Ferdinand fixed me with a cold, stiff glare.' Seconds later, a blast rent the air and the car immediately behind lurched to a halt, riddled with bomb fragments. A lady-in-waiting scrambled out of it screaming, her dress crimson with blood from Potiorek's aide, who had been wounded. The chauffeur of the royal car accelerated violently, while Cabrinovic swallowed his phial of poison and jumped into the river. But the poison was old and merely made him sick, and he was soon hauled out of the shallow water by police. The Archduke had ordered the driver to stop and sent Harrach back to investigate. When he learned that nobody had been killed, he merely remarked: 'It's the work of some lunatic. Let us proceed about our business, gentlemen.'

Grabez and Princip, who were some distance away, assumed from the general confusion that the attempt had been successful and stayed their hand. Princip feared, though, that Cabrinovic would be made to talk and give them away. But the assassin had been put in the charge of an examining magistrate, who was unable to question him immediately as he was attending the royal reception. The course of history is studded with 'ifs', and this is a momentous instance. If the magistrate had not been invited to the reception, it is most probable that he and the police would have extracted the identities of the other conspirators from the talkative Cabrinovic and arrested them. There would have been no murder, and possibly no World War I. . . .

On arrival at the town hall, the Archduke was quivering with rage and Sophie was ashen pale with shock. They listened with obvious distaste to a fulsome speech of welcome by the mayor in which he spoke of 'the love, devotion and unshakeable loyalty of all to His Royal Highness.' Turning to Potiorek, the Archduke asked him coldly: 'Do you think there will be any more bomb-throwing?' The man who had totally failed in his duty made the ingenuous reply: 'Does Your Highness think the streets are filled with assassins?'

The Archduke refused point-blank to proceed to the Governor's Residence where they were due for lunch – ironically *bombe surprise* was on the printed menu – so the official schedule had to be hastily revised. A suggestion that troops should be called out to line the streets was rejected by Potiorek on the grounds that they were not in proper dress uniform. Finally, the Archduke ordered the motorcade to drive to the hospital, where his wounded aide was being treated. The route took them back along the Appel Quay . . .

Now outwardly calm and composed, the Royal couple settled into the rear of their car outside the town hall, with Franz Ferdinand on the left and Sophie, holding her parasol aloft, on his right. Her husband had tried to dissuade her from accompanying him in case there was another assassination attempt, but she had refused. 'If there's danger, Franzi,' she had said firmly, 'I want to meet it with you.' This time, however, Count Harrach stood on a running-board with drawn sword. Perhaps out of gallantry, he chose the side next to the Duchess – or perhaps because as a right-handed man it kept his sword arm free. Which raises another historical if. Had he posted himself on the other side, he would have effectively blocked Princip's line of fire. As the motorcade moved off, one vital detail had been overlooked. No one had informed the drivers of the last-minute change in the planned route.

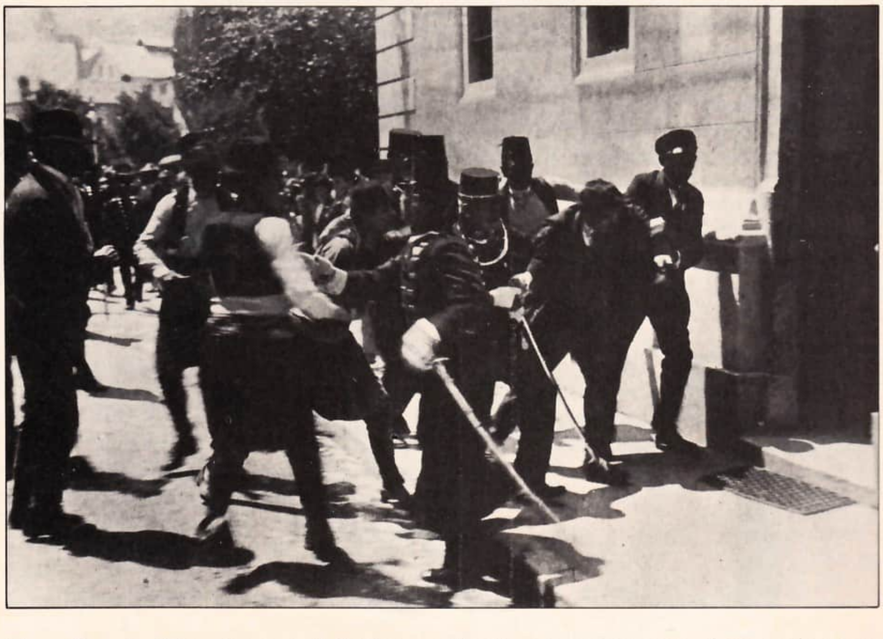
Meanwhile, events had thrown the conspirators into complete disarray. The three locals, Mehmedbasic, Popovic and Cubrilovic had fled. Grabez, unaware that the official luncheon had been cancelled, had stationed himself outside the Governor's Residence, and Cabrinovic was in a police cell awaiting interrogation. Princip, dejected at his comrades' failures, was still loitering on the Appel Quay at the corner of Franz Josef street, opposite the river bridge, in the forlorn hope that the procession would keep to the original itinerary. If it did, the cars would proceed down that street. He did not know, of course, of the changed route, which would take the motorcade across the bridge. The distance would have made the Archduke an almost impossible target for him.

But fate played straight into Princip's hands that day. He must have been unable to believe his luck when he suddenly saw the royal car coming down the Appel Quay again. He gripped the Belgian automatic in his pocket and waited. Instead of crossing the bridge opposite, the uninformed drivers of the first two cars swung into Franz Josef street. The chauffeur of the royal car also turned the corner and made to follow them down the narrow thoroughfare, when Potiorek shouted at him: 'Not that way, you fool! Over the bridge!' Braking heavily, the chauffeur brought the car to a standstill and engaged the reverse gear to back out – directly in front of Princip. With Harrach standing on the far side of the car, the Archduke was trapped.

The sallow killer did not hesitate. He stepped forward, took careful aim and fired two shots. The first bullet ripped into the Archduke's throat. The second, which was intended for Potiorek, pierced the side of the car and tore into Sophie's abdomen. Princip had no time to fire again; he was beaten to the ground in a hail of blows from fists and feet as pandemonium broke out. Before he was overpowered, however, he managed to swallow his phial of poison. But it had scarcely any effect.

Governor Potiorek, who was sitting on a drop-seat in front of the Royal couple, did

*turn to page 80*



*The officers' white gloves and flailing scabbards are reminiscent of an early Marx Brothers comedy, but this famous photograph is alleged to show the assassin Princip being overpowered, but some authorities say it was a passerby arrested by mistake . . .*

# Ski-ing? It always leads me downhill

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR ROBINS

Learning to ski is rather like playing against the Welsh at Rugby. One gets one's retaliation in first. Memories of a Canadian boyhood, slithering over Mount Royal in Montreal, were clearly not going to be good enough. Matters came to a head some Christmasses ago when a magazine commissioned me to take some models and a photographer to the Austrian ski slopes at a village I will call Gurglburg in the Schonheit Valley. The photographer was a Finn, one of the girls was a honey-blonde Swiss Miss, and the male model was from Denver, Colorado.

Beaky Yates and Brogden didn't help much, either. 'I should break a leg, OH . . . getting out of bed,' opined Brogden, slurping down the dregs of a pint and banging the empty glass in front of me.

''Ere,' said Beaky, 'what about that Czech bloke. The Good Soldier Schweik. Now *he* avoided being called up for the Army by dislocating his knee . . .'

'The point *is*,' insisted Brogden, 'that one simply mustn't let the side down, OH. Friends of ours are bound to be in Gurglburg for Christmas, and if they see you in the bar and never on the slopes, well, it looks bad, doesn't it? I mean, there's no sense going to Twickenham to watch the Royal Ballet, is there?'

A few days before the off, good fortune in the saintly form of Ratbag, my Irish hunter, came to the rescue. She had only recently really become mine when she kicked Major Henderson into premature retirement, and I bought her in a weak moment. I also bought his father's 1914–18 war huntin' saddle, which was short around the flaps for my legs, and, consequently, bruised my inner thighs. The next day there was an ominous red swelling and I beamed with delight when my doctor said, 'You've got phlebitis . . .'

'Does that mean that I can't go to Austria?'

'Oh no. You may *go*, but it is not advisable to *ski*. What you need is a *rest* . . .

'You mean, with my leg up?'

'Yes. Sit down when you are drinking.'

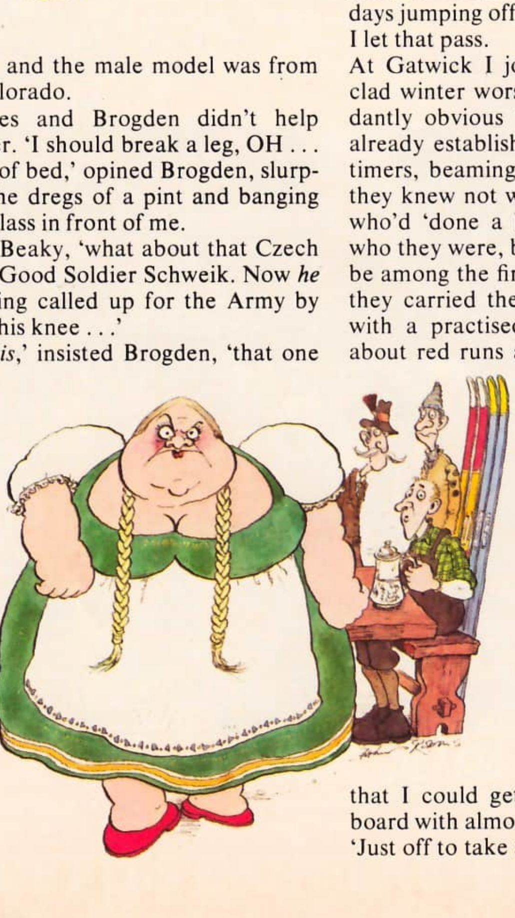
It was medicine I wanted to take.

'I've got phlebitis!' I said to Brogden.

'What a pity, OH. I mean, you were *so* looking forward to skiing again, weren't you? It would have been just like the old days jumping off Mount Royal . . .'

I let that pass.

At Gatwick I joined a gaggle of anorak-clad winter worshippers, and it was abundantly obvious that a pecking order was already established. There were the first-timers, beaming with vacuous pleasure at they knew not what, and there were those who'd 'done a bit'. You could easily tell who they were, because they would usually be among the first to tell *you*, anyway, and they carried their skis on their shoulders with a practised nonchalance, muttering about red runs and blue runs. Then there was the third category: relaxed, with an air of pleasurable expectancy to renew very old acquaintances. They were not so flash with their various badges, in much the same manner that Stirling Moss has no need of a 'Vroom Vroom' on his Mini Moke.



I dug my walking stick into the floor of the departure lounge, and found that I could get a 20 degree list to starboard with almost no effort.

'Just off to take a rest, are you?' said one of the 'Done A Bits', as he swaggered up.

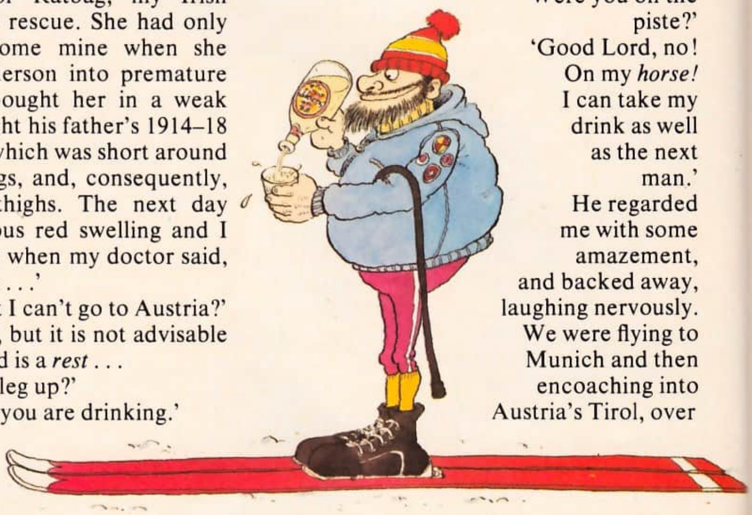
'Well, no. I'm on, 'er, working trip. Spot of bother with the leg, so I shan't be on the slopes this year.'

He re-regarded me with interest. A 'DAB' does not want to be upstaged at Gatwick, especially when he's carrying his new skis on his shoulders for the first time.

'Were you on the piste?'

'Good Lord, no! On my *horse!* I can take my drink as well as the next man.'

He regarded me with some amazement, and backed away, laughing nervously. We were flying to Munich and then encoaching into Austria's Tirol, over the border at Kufstein. There was more than an air of Wienachten in the late December night air as our cosy coach purred along the autobahn, after a cursory stop at the German/Austrian Customs posts. A gimlet-eyed young chap with a Ski Club of Great Britain badge was working his way through the coach, Queen Mumming here and there. He came to me, resting my bad leg over the bar of the emergency exit at the rear.



'Ah ha! What have we here?'

'Father Christmas!' I growled, rattling my stick.

He wilted and went. Without making his excuses.

'Ven ve to zis mountain kom, we vill our eyes shud, und count to funf!' chanted Heidi, our Courier, 'und zen ven ve hopen zem we are in Austrian kommen . . . Einz, Zwei, Drei, Vier . . . UND FUNF!' she shouted.

'Bloody woman's potty!' said a dyspeptic *Guardian* voice on the back seat, sotto voce.

I stepped out of the coach in front of the Mullerwirt, and dug my stick into the fresh, powdered, snow, as my size 14 Oxfords decided to go for a run down the hill into this tiny picture postcard village, and take me with them. Frau Muller is the epitome of what I suspect most of us imagine an innkeeping lady should be. Rosy cheeked, motherly; beaming with goodwill.

The eager young bloke from the Ski Club

## When Brian O'Hanlon goes winter sporting in Austria he finds the skis the limit as he slides generally downhill, falls for a blonde, stays on the piste and takes plenty of holiday schnapps

of GB helped me up the steps, muttering something about he's only here for the beer.

There was one gentleman standing at the bar drinking already, dressed in the unmistakeable garb of the Horse Marines. A red and white pom-pom, sporting the Austrian national colours, on his head; a jacket with gold buttons and flashing epaulettes, and a pair of king-sized wellies on his feet.

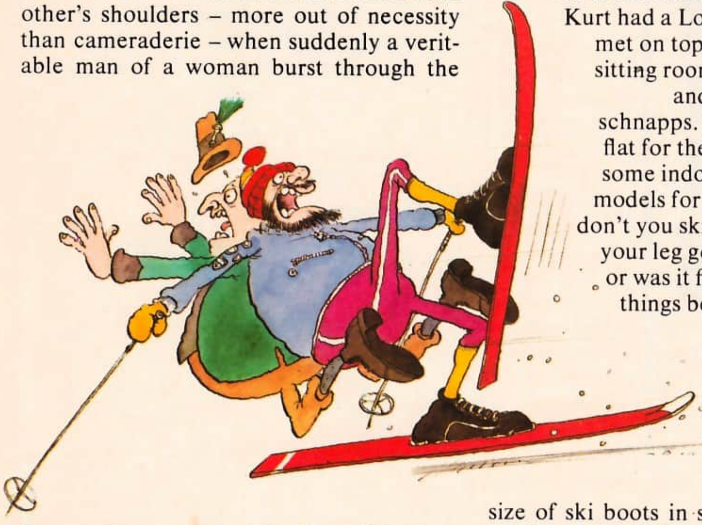
'Mein Gott!' he said, regarding my stick and starboard list.

'Nein, mein Gruppenfuhrer. Ich bin O'Hanlon!' I replied, saluting and clicking my heels.

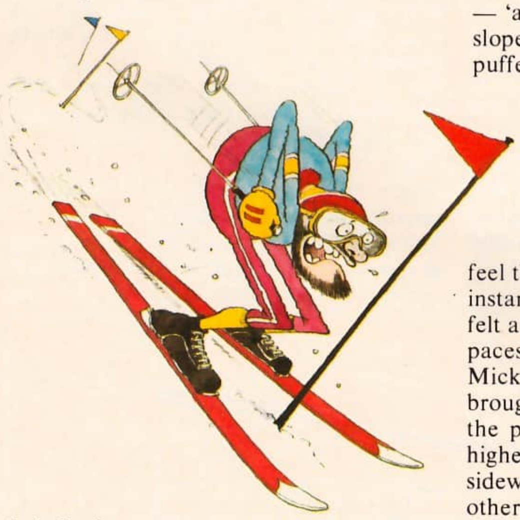
'Herr Weiss. Hier ist der churnalist von der tids-komik,' explained Heidi, hurriedly. 'Herr Weiss (to me) ist der Herr Police Direktor. He must soon to his wife go home. Today is Friday, and every Friday he is late home.'

'Will you have a drink, Herr Direktor?' I asked him.

'I vill ask der questions!' he replied, pulling me a litre of draught, leaning across the counter to reach the tap, with, I thought, some difficulty. Well, we had a drink. We had another, and burst into song. 'Ich Hab Mein Herz In Heidelburg Verloren, Ich bin der Dokter Eisenbar, zom, zom, zom, zom, zom zom, zom!' and then the whole bar joined in the choruses of 'White Horse Inn'. We – the Herr Direktor and I – had our arms around each other's shoulders – more out of necessity than cameraderie – when suddenly a veritable man of a woman burst through the door, and screamed at the Herr Direktor. She supported him as they left together. By the ear.



The next morning beamed bright blue and Christmassy, with icicles spawning many different shapes from the 14th century gables of the inn. My room was in the new wing. Spotless, centrally heated, it faced right up the mountain behind the Mullerwirt. Some were actually skiing in the street outside; others shouldered their skis down to the foot of the draglift. On the plateau nearest the house, at the foot of what was the orchard in summer, beginners huffed and puffed, as instructors in the traditionally red Austrian anorak lined them up or buzzed in and out between their flock.



I had an excellent breakfast in the Mullerwirt and watched as the skiers lumped off to where their skis were stacked neatly outside. Heidi came in and said she would like to show me Gurglburg and meet Kurt at the ski school shop. I found that I seemed to have an affinity with Austrians. Kurt had a London policeman's helmet on top of the television in his sitting room, above the premises, and an excellent bottle of schnapps. Yes, he would lend his flat for the photographer to take some indoor sexy pictures of the models for the magazine, and 'Vy don't you ski, Ho-Haych? Vood do your leg good?' After the fourth, or was it fifth, glass of schnapps, things began to look decidedly different. Well, I told him, why not? Kurt found me a set of ski-pants, an anorak, a red and white pom-pom hat, and even the largest size of ski boots in stock. 'The Chermans are large alzo.' Next, the skis themselves. Not too long, because I ought to have shorter, learners' skis. I was very honoured because Kurt was going to give me my first lesson, after another large glass of schnapps.

I became quite exhausted just putting the bloody skis on. Snapping the horizontal clips of the big black boots made me feel like a deep sea diver. I sat down as Kurt 'Ach'd' and 'Shidded', pressing out the supports to fit my very large feet. Eventually, after another almighty 'Shid!', it was done. I stood up with that anchored feeling of no longer being in charge of myself. Kurt's six-year-old son regarded the whole thing with undisguised amusement. I followed Kurt outside the shop and as soon as my skis touched the ice they were off – straight into a pile of packed snow by the end of the shop at the side of the orchard.

'Kom,' said Kurt, coming to my rescue. 'Is good you fall on your harse quick, because when you can ski knowing how to fall can save you from getting into difficulty. You put der ski poles so' – he indicated the higher ground on my other side — 'and you pull up against the rise of the slope. You will find it is easier . . .' I huffed, puffed and 'effed', and found he was right.

'Now, just follow me. We go easy. We learn easy. Just bend your knees slightly – now, not *too much* – and get used to your skis . . .'

Kurt had taken me into the deep powder snow beyond the slopes which was flat. It was so comforting to feel that if one fell over it would be into an instant feather bed. After a few minutes I felt a lot easier and followed Kurt up a few paces, turned and felt the skis bite into the Mickey Mouse down gradient, and I was brought to a halt in the powdered depth of the plateau. We walked back higher and higher. 'Here,' said my tutor, 'Walk up sideways, one ski after the other, like this, otherwise your skis will slide back in reverse . . .'

Too late! Like a runaway train I gathered speed, not daring to turn round and look where I was going, lest I had a nasty fall. Then, a warning cry, followed by a furious 'Shid!', as I tripped backwards over something soft, ending up looking at the blue sky. It was the Herr Police Direktor. My friend of the previous night. I couldn't make out exactly what was said, but from his general tone I gathered it was something unpleasant. For one thing he wanted me to remove myself from on top of him. Kurt explained that he wanted to shoot me, put me in jail, do both.

But the ski-bug had bitten me. My leg? Oh, *that!* Kurt had a word with 'Franz Josef', the chief instructor. We never did find out his real name, but he had a very aristocratic nose and looked every inch a Hapsburg. Franz Josef lined me up with four other rank beginners and addressed us: 'My Hinglish ist nix gut, but I will always try and explain the "She". Alles is, how you say in Hinglish? Slowly und surely . . .' He lined us up and made us place our ski poles towards the front of the skis to act as

brakes. He then removed his, bent his knees and slithered forward to come to rest at the level ground of the orchard. We all followed suit and then he pushed his skis into an inverted 'V', which acted as a brake. Next came the 'snow plough churn' – and that was a bugger. I just couldn't get to grips with it. The 'churn' (turn) is the first step the coarse skier takes to be in some small measure of control. You sort of crouch, crab-like, and widen the 'V' by putting more strain on the leg furthest away from the direction you wish to turn towards. When old Franz J stuck poles in the snow, about 10 yards apart, and asked us to slalom in and out of them, I was bloody hopeless. Maybe I would make the first two and then I would be much too slow and find myself travelling at full speed for the plateau, by this time about 200 yards down the mountainside. Then I had the wretchedly boring business of side-stepping up to the class again. Now, 'traverse' was all right. I could stop easily by just pointing my skis marginally up the gradient. But, Oh! That bloody 'snow plough churn'! I found myself muttering disconsolately in the deep orchard snow for the umpteenth time, almost in tears with frustration. The Herr Police Direktor waddled over and put his arm, forgivingly, around my shoulder. I took off the skis and hurled them in the air as my friend made sympathetic clucking noises with his tongue and did some elbow-bending hand to mouth pantomime.

Nil desperandum! The following morning I took myself off to get the hang of the snow plough, without, at first, much success. 'Having trouble?' said a milk-chocolate smooth English female voice behind me. The face and figure fitted, too. Blonde, 30-ish, in a form-hugging black ski-suit.

'Not any longer!' I beamed.

We quickly learned the dreaded 'churn', and Jane said I would do even better if I didn't hold her quite so hard. 'Just my hand. Your arm around my waist is a trifle obvious, don't you think?'

But she giggled as she said it, and then said: 'Isn't it about time we started using the drag lift?'

'Um . . .'

'Don't "Um" *me*! Come on! One simply cannot stay in the nursery forever . . .'

The electric cable hissed in the freezing air as our skis scuffed the snow. The orchard seemed very far away. At the top I fell arse over tit disentangling myself from the drag, and Jane said if I didn't do better she wouldn't allow me to put my arm around her waist again.

'Now, remember. This is not even a green run, but the gentlest of slopes. All you have to do is what you have been taught. But don't go too fast and get out of control. Start with a plough, go into a traverse, snow plough turn back, and when we get to the bottom I'll teach you how to stop quickly . . .'

'I say, old man, you do look like a defecating polar bear!' roared the twit from Gatwick – the 'Done A Bit' chap – as he went zooming past at full pelt.

Nobody likes to feel a fool, even though one might well *be* one. I straightened up and forgot about plough-restraint. I bent my knees on the premise that if I fell I was nearer the snow, which made me go even faster. As good luck would have it nobody cut across my bows and I picked out a flight path for the orchard whereas other skiers would go to the area near the drag-lift and pull up there. 'Where are *we* going?' Jane bawled in my ear.

'Can't stop to talk now!' I retorted. The plateau loomed up and I went zooming in – right up to my shoulders, in its very deepest part.

'You – you – you're a fatuous oaf!' screamed a shrill voice to starboard. Oh, My God! Jane!

'Um . . . where are you?'

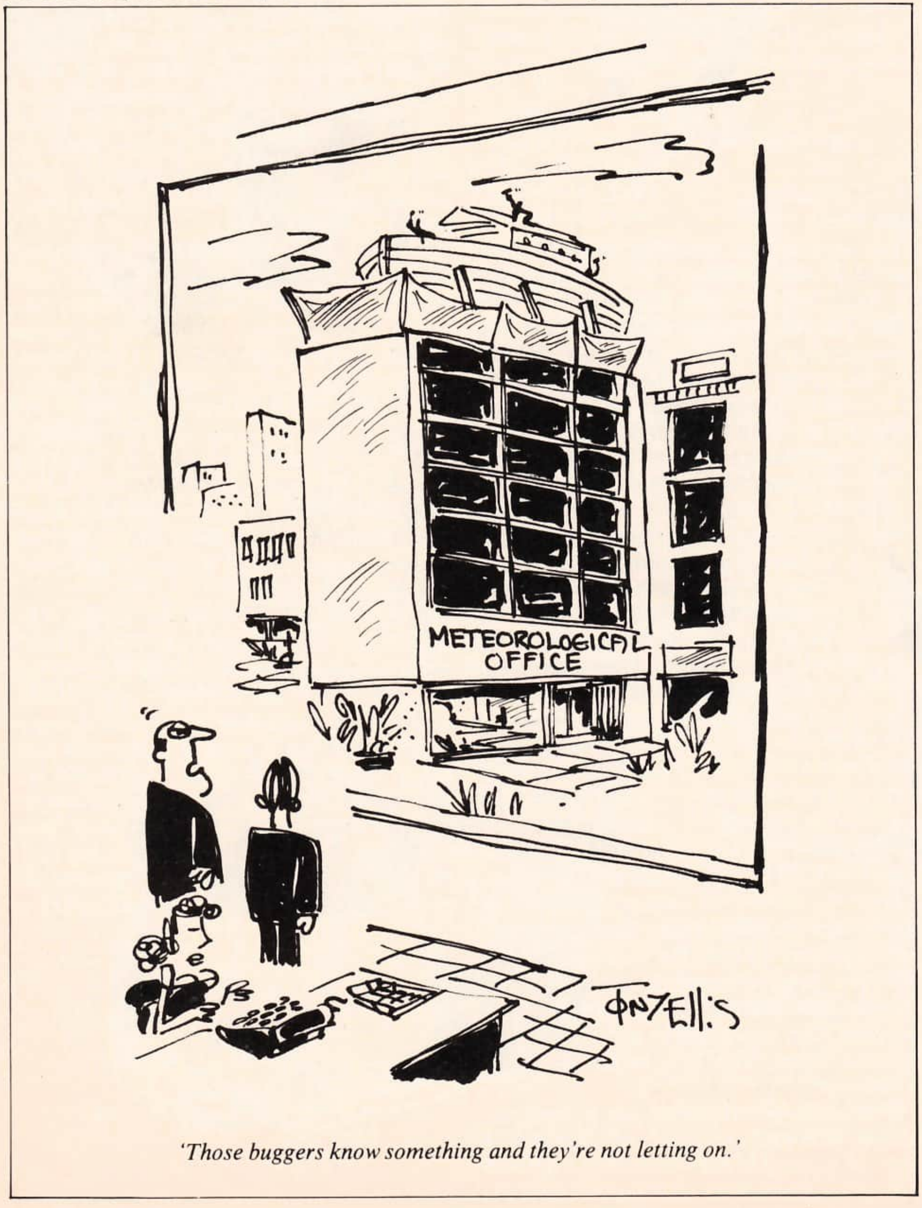
'Here,' she replied, waving aloft a ski pole . . .

That was nearly the end of a beautiful friendship. In the middle of a Force Nine tirade she suddenly burst out laughing. She forgave me – quite a few times, as things were later to turn out.

It is one of the worst characteristics of human nature that one wants to get off the bottom layer of anything, which can only be achieved when one meets someone who is even greener at whatever-it-is than one's self. My chance came at the start of the second week when Kurt and Jane took me on my first 'Green,' or beginners run. Ski runs are usually graded from easy to hard in colour sequence. Green, Blue, Red and Black.

As we zoomed down to the bottom I saw the fresh class of rookies learning their 'churn' under Franz Josef's patrician nose. My stock had risen in the English ski fraternity by dint of having 'acquired' Jane, and being by now a bosom mate of the Police Chief. Skiing, let me tell you, is the best thirst-getting sport of them all.

I returned to Munich along the autobahn, back via Kufstein on Christmas Eve. Jane and I had parted – her husband was joining her and coming in on the plane upon which I would be returning – and on my last night the Herr Police Direktor had so far forgot himself as to tell his wife to go to hell. Yet skiing was never to hold the same magic henceforth, for me, as that very first time, all those Christmasses past. I am, however, a true coarse skier. Every year I join the beginners class again. It never pays to know too much, does it? I'll leave the black run to Jean-Claude Killey, I think.



*'Those buggers know something and they're not letting on.'*

# Gentlemen, that reminds me...

## A round-up of after-dinner jokes

In the day of the silent movie, cinemas had their own orchestras, but in common with today courting couples would sit in the dark and on one notable occasion a couple sat near the front watching the flickering screen.
'Irene', whispered the man, 'play with it and make it bigger.'
'Alright', said Irene, 'only if you promise not to make a mess'.
He promised, but with the excitement of the film he broke his word.
'Oh, no', groaned the girl, 'you've come in my hand. What shall I do?'
'Raise your hand and flick it away'.
Meanwhile in the orchestra pit there was another heated exchange between a violinist and the conductor. 'You're about three bars late!' yelled the conductor.
'Somebody's come in my eye!' wailed the violinist.
'I'm not surprised. You've been playing like a cunt all night.'

How does a French girl hold her liquor? By his ears!

A little coloured chap was up before a South African court on a charge of raping a big red-headed barmaid. The judge banged his gavel on the desk and demanded: 'Who is defending this boy?'
A large coloured woman stood up and answered: 'I is your honour, suh! I is the boy's mother and I is defending mah son.'
The judge coughed: 'Ah well, this is highly irregular but I suppose there is no objection. Present your case.'
The woman went over to her boy and undid his flies, then withdrew the lad's tool. 'This mah Lord is mah case.' Holding on to the boy's member tightly, her whole body shaking with indignation, she began to gesticulate: 'How can mah little boy possibly be guilty of . . .'
'Mama!' the boy interrupted.
'Quiet son, please!' and still holding him firmly she pointed at the barmaid with the other hand, then continued: '. . . possibly be guilty of rapin' dat big white woman when all he has is dis little willy and . . .'
'Mama!' the boy pleaded.
'What is it son, what is it?'
'If you keep holding on like dat, we is goin to lose dis case!'

When Jock died he went up to the Pearly Gates and was stopped by Saint Peter. 'Now then Jock,' he said, 'tell me what you've done in your life to recommend you for entrance?'
The Scotsman scratched his head and could only think of all the drunken fights he'd been in. 'Well, I've been a brave man,' he said.
'Good, and what is the bravest thing you have ever done?'
'I went to Hampden Park and stood among all the Rangers supporters and shouted for Celtic. Come on Celtic! Get the boot in Celtic! Get stuck in Celtic . . .' His voice trailed away.
'Good, good, and when was that?'
Jock looked carefully at his watch and then replied: 'About three minutes ago.'

A dashing, but rather short-sighted, young man went to the dance and because he was rather vain he didn't wear his glasses. Moving across the dance floor he spied what he thought to be a shapely ash blonde just waiting to be asked for a dance. So he moved over and asked her to dance, but when she stood up and came within his vision he saw that she was a grey-haired old woman.
Being rather quick-witted he swiftly said: 'Excuse me, but I mistook you for my mother.'
'I can't possibly be your mother,' said the old woman. 'You see, I'm wearing a wedding ring.'

A man was visiting a friend and while they were standing on the balcony, overlooking the common opposite his house they saw a naked girl suddenly dash across the grass towards a group of trees. She was closely followed by two men in white coats and then by a third man, also in a white coat, but with a house brick tucked under each arm.
'Good Heavens! What's all that about?' the man asked his friend.
'Oh, that happens quite often. She escapes from the local mental hospital.'
'But the men in white coats?'
'Ah, those are the attendants chasing her.'
'But why has one got a brick under each arm?'
'Oh, that's his handicap, he caught her last time.'

Heard about the Irish video? It records programmes you don't want to see and plays them back while you're out.

A man was about to make it with his girl-friend for the first time but she insisted he first visited the chemist to buy a condom.
The worldy chap at the chemist's asked if he wanted a 30p one or a 50p special which could be washed and used again. The young man was quite shrewd and invested in a 50p condom, and a few days later the chemist bumped into him.
'Have a good time?' he asked.
'Oh yes, but the manageress of the launderette got a bit shirty.'

Flying horses are all very well
And Pegasus flew, we hear tell
And pigeons will crap
When you're taking a nap,
But horseshit from heaven is hell.

*Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final*

**Black Sunday in Sarajevo**

*continued from page 75*

not at first realise what had happened, for, miraculously, they were still sitting upright. Then suddenly he saw a thin stream of blood shoot from the Archduke's mouth. Sophie cried: 'For God's sake! What has happened to you?' and sank slowly sideways. Count Harrach, who was still on the running-board, thought she had fainted, but the Archduke knew better. 'Sophie, my darling! Sophie!' he pleaded, 'Don't die! You must live for our children.' But his last words were in vain. At full speed the motorcade made for the Governor's Residence, where Sophie was gently laid out in a bedroom and six doctors and surgeons were soon in attendance. But Princip's second bullet had severed an artery in her stomach, and she died within a few minutes from internal haemorrhage. Franz Ferdinand had been placed on a couch in a room below, and when the doctors cut open his uniform blood spurted out, drenching the onlookers and staining a window. The bullet had severed the jugular vein and no medical skill could save him. Fifteen minutes later, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Heir Apparent to the throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, joined in death the woman he adored.

Within six weeks half of the civilised world was at war. Austria accused the Serbian government of complicity in the assassination and declared war. Ultimatum and counter-ultimatum flashed across Europe. Russia mobilised to protect its ally, Serbia. Germany came to the aid of its ally, Austria. The French supported the Russians and Britain supported her ally, France, vowing to fight if Germany invaded Belgium – which it promptly did. On Tuesday, August 4, 1914, Britain declared war on the Central powers, and the Foreign Secretary, Lord Grey, made his grim, historical prophesy: 'The lights are going out all over Europe. We shall not see them lit again in our lifetime . . .'

The trial of the assassins who had sparked off the holocaust was held in October, 1914. Also on trial was the Black Hand agent, the cowardly Ilich, who had eagerly denounced everyone implicated in the plot in a desperate effort to save his own skin. But he went to the scaffold just the same. None of the five assassins who were captured was sentenced to death as they were under age. The only one old enough to be hanged, the wily Mehmedbasic, had escaped to Montenegro and was never caught. All five bore themselves with courage at the trial, and all expressed regret at the death of the duchess, Cabrinovic breaking down and weeping when the Archduke's last words to her were read out in court. Even the fanatical Princip cried out in anguish: 'Do you think I'm an animal without feelings?' when one of the lawyers questioned him about Sophie.

*Above: Franz Ferdinand with wife Sophie and children – the family he adored. Below: Gavrilo Princip, the sallow-faced assassin, shortly after his arrest.*

In the witness-box they defended themselves with conviction and did not implicate the Serbian government – though this failed to impress Austrian observers. 'I'm a nationalist Yugoslav,' declared Princip, 'and I'm struggling for the unity of all Yugoslavs . . . I'm the son of a peasant and know their conditions. That's why I wanted revenge and my only regret is that I missed Potiorek with my second shot and hit the Duchess.' They were all sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Princip, Grabez and Cabrinovic died in an Austrian dungeon, harsh treatment hastening their end which they faced stoically. Princip did not survive to the end of World War I, although the exact date is uncertain.

Cubrilovic and Popovic survived both the rigours of prison and World War II. They were last heard of in Yugoslavia during the sixties, Popovic as a curator in a Sarajevo museum, and his old schoolfriend Cubrilovic as a professor of history – which he had helped to mould – at Belgrade university. They may still be alive. Mehmedbasic eventually emerged from his underground exile and settled down as a cobbler in Sarajevo, where he died shortly after World War II.

Many reminders of that black Sunday are preserved today. The green Graf und Stift, with its large acetylene head-lamps and still flaunting the Imperial standard, is on view in a museum in Vienna. Gaping in its side is an ugly bullet-hole level with the rear seat – mute testimony to Sophie's last drive. Also on display is the Archduke's blue tunic – the cuts made by the doctors have been neatly stitched up. The imposing Hotel Bosna at Ilidze is now a sanatorium, and the Governor's Residence where the Royal couple died is now occupied by the parliament of the Peoples Republic of Bosnia. Bloodstains on a window were carefully preserved by the Austrians, but this grisly relic was removed when Austrian rule ended.

Today, the murderer Princip is a national hero in Yugoslavia and most towns have a street named after him – Gavrila Principa is one of the main thoroughfares in Belgrade. On the spot in Franz Josef street where he stood to fire the fatal shots, his footsteps have been carved out in the pavement, and in the wall above a plaque honouring the assassins has been put up by the government. Ironically, it replaces a plaque put up by the Austrian government in memory of the victims of the murder!

National heroes often attain that status according to which side they happen to be on. Winston Churchill was certainly not on Princip's. When he heard of the plaque, he wrote scathingly: 'A monument erected in recent years by Princip's fellow countrymen records his infamy and their own.' Close by the plaque is a rather gruesome museum housing relics of the assassination. Leafing through the visitors' book one finds that most foreign visitors, like Churchill, have expressed their indignation. One of the few dissenters is a Mr Sykes from Birmingham, who has scrawled laconically: 'Good shot, mate!'

Little has changed in the sleepy town of Sarajevo, and wandering along the Appel Quay one can visualise the scene that took place there those many years ago, and hear the ghostly echoes of applause as Franz Ferdinand and his Sophie drove along it. The Hotel Europa, furnished in another age, still stands. It was ransacked by rioting mobs after the murder. The cafés are full of noisy students of Princip's age drinking thick, black, Turkish coffee. But they are not plotting assassinations or being recruited by Black Hand agents. Their main concern seems to be the fortunes of the Red Star football team. In the shade of mosques and minarets, be-fezzed merchants sit cross-legged at their stalls.

For a time after June 28, 1914, the name of this remote and shabby town rang round the world, but after its brief period of fame – some may deem it infamy – Sarajevo sank back into its characteristic sloth. But Gavrilo Princip is not forgotten there.

It is hard to summon sympathy though for someone who with two shots paved the way for the Bolshevik Revolution. That alone, to say the least, is an awful lot to have on one's conscience . . .

# The Modern Ms

## What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

> ‘I was in the Kings Road last weekend where a lot of girls go to try and outdo one another with their way-out fashions. But one girl stole the whole show without her needing to dye her hair strange colours. She was simply wearing a mini-skirt and you should have seen all the guys stare as she strode along. We even got an occasional glimpse of her knickers. Let's hope this heralds the return of the mini...’

*Comment on radio show phone-in*

**Lesson for the Tutor**

*continued from page 35*

moved to straddle her, she managed a last futile squawk of disdain: 'Deryk . . .'

The name tailed into a pained gasp as his clawed fingers swept her thighs wider apart, as he eyed her moist, soft places, glided upon her, welded his livid flesh to hers, split her with a surge of possession.

They were beyond power of control now, both of them, adrift on a tide of passion. Her legs and arms closed jubilantly about him, her tongue waged sharp war with his, while into his ears stole again that music of moans he craved for, rising in pitch and potency as the rhythm of their union struck deeper to her core.

The room resounded to her cries. The whole pompous villa must have shared in her delight, her anguish, her plea. At last his own first male grunts, novel and gratifying to his ears, weaved with them. Together they rocked and writhed on a swelling sea of release, the beat pounding wilder and wilder as they flailed all the more helplessly in each other's arms.

Then he seemed to lift wholly from sofa, room and earth, shuddering with exhausted bitter-sweet relief, riding on cushions of jetted mastery. She clutched and clasped and crowed beneath as he rodded her with final unremitting triumph.

The clocks ticked away long minutes.

'My new bold lover! My lover!' she hissed in his ear as they cooled, tender and stupefied, on the absurd gilded sofa. 'I think I shall enjoy these lessons. My lover!'

He glowed in the tangle of her limbs. He looked unflinchingly into her distorted face. Her eyes had the bruised joy of voracious but satisfied appetite. Her mouth was crooked with the strains of unwonted passion. He didn't relax his grip of mastery. She whimpered like a spaniel in his vicious hold.

He raised a hard hand to tweak her wet cheek. He felt ten feet tall and made of iron. He twirled her dark locks between idle fingers.

* *

The nurse led Wyley along the ward. Jenkins, shockingly yellow, screeched from his bed, 'It's not time! Not time!'

*'Mais non!'* the dusky devil soothed. 'A visitor. But soon indeed I deliver – *le suppositoire!*' The word reverberated ominously.

'Bitch! Bedpans, injections, inspections, suppositories! No peace. No peace!'

Wyley gazed after the nurse's haughty heels. 'Tut. I find her rather delightful. She can suppositise me any time.'

'Sadistic lechers! No let-up from their arrogant commands. No let-up, I say. Bitches!'

Wyley turned incredulously to stare at Jenkins. This was no longer Jenkins the tireless adventurer, the fabled paramour. This was a new Jenkins: Jenkins the nervous wreck. What had happened?

He picked up the temperature chart and tossed a packet onto the bed. 'Madame Attabal sent this.'

'Attabal? That . . .' Jenkins fumbled the wrapping apoplectically. 'But . . . the whore, the vixen, the . . .' Speechless, he gaped at her notebooks. Wyley replaced the chart.

'She fancied you might like your art.'

'Art? Slave-work! She forced me to it. Compelled me. The vile . . .' Tears dragged down his cheeks. His knuckles whitened.

Wyley regarded him a moment longer. He was beginning to understand now. Jenkins the woman-killer had never existed. Oh yes, adventures he had had, women in multitudes, in the city of sin, who should not? But they had been conquests in the contrary sense – it was *he* each time that had been ridden, used, drained and abandoned. And at last the strain and pretence had told.

'Well, old man, must go. Got to take one of your classes. Farouk sisters and little Jeannine. Hot stuff, I believe you told me. Any messages?'

The tremulous mouth thinned hatefully. 'Piss off.'

Which he did, with languid satisfaction. That nurse who had brought him, he saw, was fluttering by her office, pretending not to notice him.

He went up and pinched her bottom.

*'Mais Monsieur . . .'*

'Tomorrow at six.'

*'Comment?* You make . . .?'

'Hotel El Mansour. Palm Bar. Be on time.'

It was a rendezvous he'd heard Jenkins acclaim. Close to his flat, too. He fondled her hot cheek till she oozed grudging response. She'd be there. Oh, she'd be there.

Then he went out into the sun, her dazed stare after him, laughing to himself.

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**JIGSAW GIRL**

**When Lynda appeared in *Mayfair* wearing her wet, white smock she was an instant hit with readers. So now we've turned the wet-look Lynda into a puzzle of a jigsaw**

Lynda – one of the most popular girls to appear in *Mayfair* – is now immortalised on a wooden jigsaw puzzle. It measures 11½ in by 8½ in, and costs only £3.15, including postage and plain packing. This superb picture of Lynda wearing nothing but a dripping wet, white smock is mounted on a wooden backing and then hand cut into a jigsaw puzzle. This is then contained on a stiff hardboard backing for despatch. So treat yourself to a pretty puzzler by completing the coupon today, or treat a friend because Lynda makes a perfect present.

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# Debbie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

We often get requests from readers, to feature the girls who appear on page three of *The Sun.* But when delicious Debbie Ryan graced that famous page we received a whole flood of letters asking us to show more of her ample charms in a *Mayfair* girlset. Of course we agreed that her firm-breasted 36–24–36 figure did deserve more exposure, so here she is, just as you've asked to see her.

Reader A J of Leeds summed up your comments about Debbie when he wrote to us: 'She has such an amazing body – a slim waist with firm full breasts and nipples which are vitually perfect. And to cap all that this beautiful blonde has an incredible face with lips just asking to be kissed and the sexiest eyes I have ever seen. They look as if they are inviting and challenging at the same time. You really must try to track her down and get her to pose for one of your photographers. If she looks stunning like that in black and white, I can hardly wait to see her in full colour in *Mayfair.*' Another reader, S L of London, said: 'You have featured other *Sun* birds in the past like Jane Warner and the amazing Frances Voy. Please try to show us Debbie Ryan as I'm sure she will prove to be just as popular with other readers. She's the sexiest bird I've seen in ages.'

Debbie, 21, was born in London and shares a flat in Kensington with a girl friend. When she left school she trained as a ballet dancer and danced professionally for a while before deciding to become a model. She likes all types of dancing, and finds it is ideal for helping to keep her figure in such tip-top shape. 'I have a passion for fine food, which could be fatal for a model, so I make sure I go to discos fairly regularly. But I think dancing is great fun, whatever type it is. And my ballet training comes in very useful for other dancing and even helps me in my modelling career.' We should be pleased she has not become a ballet dancer as it gives us a chance to look at her finer points.

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# QUEST

## The laboratory of human response

## Volume Thirteen

Although most women would never admit it, many subconsciously long for the man who is quite the opposite of the typical well-groomed charmer. Men who are rough-and-ready in looks and in speech, and who ignore the normal niceties of sexual foreplay have their own appeal. Quest interviews three women who have fallen for it.

### INTERVIEWS

*(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)*

*One* **Housewife, 37 years old, red-head, town of origin Bath**

*This interviewee is petite but with an eye-catching figure. She obviously takes great pride in her appearance. Her house, decorated in aspects of Victoriana with lots of lace, is spotless.*

*Quest:* To me, you don't appear to be the kind of woman to indulge in extra-marital affairs. The incidents you mentioned earlier would seem out of character. Were they?

*Housewife:* Totally. I've never done anything like that before or since. Sometimes things just conspire against you – you're at an emotional low. Who knows?

*Quest:* And were these men totally different to your husband?

*Housewife:* Totally. But you make that sound as if I was deliberately setting out to hurt my husband. Nothing could be further from the truth. We love each other too much for that and I've nothing to complain about in my sex life.

*Quest:* Tell me about this first occasion.

*Housewife:* It was ten years ago, just after our second anniversary and just as we were getting our first house straight after moving in. I was at the cottage supervising as David couldn't get time off.

*Quest:* David is your husband?

*Housewife:* That's right.

*Quest:* What does he do for a living?

*Housewife:* He's a physicist. We were annoyed because I always felt a bit silly supervising the workmen as I really had no idea. I'd just dried a load of washing and had left it in the utility room in a basket prior to airing. And then the chap turned up to plumb in the washing machine properly. I remember that he wasn't like any of the other tradesmen we'd had in.

*Quest:* What do you mean?

*Housewife:* Most of them were polite at least but this chap had no airs or graces at all. The first thing he said to me when he got inside was 'Fix us a cuppa tea, luv'. I would have done it anyway but it took me aback being ordered like that.

*Quest:* Was he attractive?

*Housewife:* No. I'm only five two and my husband's only about five six, but this chap was a good six feet two and very broad with it – not ugly or anything, fascinating in fact.

After I brought his tea he told me to come into the utility room. 'Here,' he said, 'hold this for us.' All I could see was his back view and he was bent over. He began laughing. 'Got you going, didn't I?' he said, 'but I want you to hold this wrench while I tighten this.' I had to move in front of him while he tightened up whatever it was. I thought it a cheek asking me to help but then I became aware of him physically. He was so big, enveloping me and then I brushed against him and I felt him.

*Quest:* Erect?

*Housewife:* No, not at all, but it seemed big. My heart started beating faster and faster and I looked around and into his eyes and I knew then that I could have sex with him. He finished tightening and moved away although he had this grin on his face. But then he noticed the washing, and my Janet Reger knickers.

*Quest:* Did he tease you about them?

*Housewife:* I thought he was going to but he picked them up and passed some funny comment about them, something about them being kinky. I told him they weren't – that lots of women liked them because they are very feminine. He said he'd never seen anything like them only in magazines. I felt like snatching them away but couldn't. He asked if I was wearing them now. I said I was and he said that he'd like to buy his girlfriend a pair. I explained that they were expensive and he asked if he could see them on me to see if he liked them before spending so much.

*Quest:* Didn't that sound silly to you?

*Housewife:* Of course, now it does, but I was still intoxicated by him, being so close. I told him not to be silly, that I was married and couldn't go flashing my knickers to any Tom, Dick or Harry, but he just said 'Come on, luv,' very firmly and he was holding me round the waist so I couldn't move. I was looking up at him and he was standing over me like a huge protector; I just couldn't say anything. I started unbuttoning my skirt and I told him that's all I was doing. 'We'll see,' he said. Then as I let the skirt slip to the ground he pulled me to him and started kissing me very hard on the lips, forcing his tongue into my mouth and taking all my breath away. I tried to pull away but he had me by the arms so tightly that I could hardly move and that was when I felt his hand going up the inside of my knickers. I don't wear tights or stockings around the house and his hand felt enormous edging its way between my legs. My adrenalin was going – I didn't want him to go any further but I couldn't find the words.

*Quest:* Did you have intercourse?

*Housewife:* He pushed me away then and started undoing my blouse. He just lifted up my bra over my breasts and it really hurt me but he didn't say he was sorry or anything; he just backed me against the wall and his mouth went to my nipples and he started licking them. I think I would have let him but for the phone ringing. I broke away to answer it and it was David. In the cold light afterwards I couldn't regain the mood and later when he'd gone I realised how cheap I'd been but there was nothing I could have done. He even left me his business card as he said I'd be back in touch.

*Quest:* And were you?

*Housewife:* Never.

*Quest:* But a similar thing happened quite recently didn't it?

*Housewife:* Yes, but the incidents were almost ten years apart, I don't think you can draw any conclusions from that.

*Quest:* I'm not. Is your husband gentle in his love-making?

*Housewife:* Oh yes, he's very considerate towards me when we make love although he gets more pleasure if I get on top of him.

*Quest:* So the thought of a rough tough dominant man is appealing to you?

*Housewife:* No. No, that's not what I was saying. If I thought that I'd find a workman lover or someone who was aggressive.

*Quest:* But you did have intercourse on this second occasion, didn't you?

*Housewife:* Yes, I did but it only happened the once, I couldn't help it.

*Quest:* Tell me about it.

*Housewife:* In the new house we'd bought we discovered an old air raid shelter in the back garden. It was half full of water and mud and it was in the way of where David wanted to lay the lawn. He's hopeless at manual work like that so I got some quotes from odd-job men who advertise in the local paper. After failing to turn up at the right times or putting in ludicrous estimates David was about to do it himself when one of the men who had promised to turn up twice and hadn't, phoned and said he'd be round in half an hour for a quote. As it turned out he was most reasonable but he was an arrogant so-and-so. Young, greasy-haired, full of himself. Rude, even, and very off-hand. David accepted the quote and I stayed at home for a couple of days to see that it went all right. The first morning he got there it was warm and he stripped off to his jeans and wellies. I remember watching him from the kitchen window for ages. He was very muscular and tanned. I invited him in for coffee and a biscuit and we started talking. He was such a cocky so and so.

*Quest:* What do you mean?

*Housewife:* He told me about a woman in the next village who'd had some work done and had paid him in kind.

*Quest:* Had sex with him?

*Housewife:* Yes. I asked him more, only really trying to find out who it had been but the conversation got more and more risqué and then he said that as I was a good-looker then he might do me a deal. I couldn't really appear shocked because in my prying I'd gone along with it to a certain extent.

*Quest:* So what happened?

*Housewife:* He asked me if my husband was a good handyman. I told him that he was hopeless, that he couldn't even put up a pair of shelves. I told him though that David had a bad back and couldn't do any hard lifting. 'What's he like in bed then?' this so-and-so asked. 'He's very tender, and what is it to you?' I replied. 'I bet he doesn't have you begging him to stop it; have you lashing about in ecstasy.' Before I could say anything he had got up and was going outside again I thought. I was glad because I had lost control of the conversation and was eager to let it cool again. But instead of going out he came up behind me and put his arms round me in the chair. He had his dirty hands over my breasts and he started hugging me to him. 'No.' I said, 'Stop it.' He simply smiled 'Come on, Miss' he said, 'how long is it since you've had a good fucking? That's what you need.' He let go slightly and I stood up but I then became aware of his chest. There was a beautiful manly smell to him. I don't mean sweaty – just, manly. 'Don't,' I pleaded with him, but he drew me to him and he kissed me full on the lips sucking every ounce of breath from me. He moved his hands down and onto my breasts and began to squeeze them pretty roughly through the material until they began to hurt. My nipples were aching, I couldn't resist him – the more I tried the less I wanted to. Then he let go of me and I stepped back a little and he grabbed me by the blouse and tore it open – the buttons went flying everywhere. He yanked it away from me and did the same to my bra. I remember my breasts jiggling as he wrenched the bra and it hurting my back before the catch gave way. I put my arms up to cover myself but he held them and stretched out my arms and moved his head down.

*Quest:* To your breasts?

*Housewife:* Yes. He took each nipple in his mouth in turn, gently licking at first then alternating, gradually becoming more and more fierce. They were standing up stiff and I began to feel very damp down there. He took all of one breast into his mouth and sucked and sucked it until it hurt. I was helpless. When he moved his mouth away I could see the bright red love-bite. I tried struggling to get away but he dragged me to him and his hand went straight up my skirt between my legs. He wasn't gentle or anything but he pushed the cotton to one side and began grinding his fingers along my crack from the very front to the back. My clitoris is quite large and he soon found that and began rubbing it hard. I just melted away – I was his. He explored all around the crack edging his fingers inside me, gently at first and then with more force until he was right inside me exploring every nook and cranny. I felt so full as I'm not very big down there. I wanted to see him, to feel him but I couldn't touch him. He let go of me for a minute and stood back. He undid his jeans and brought himself out. It looked so menacing and powerful. Not particularly big or anything.

*Quest:* And you had intercourse?

*Housewife:* Yes. I was lost. I felt scared but also safe with him. He put his hands on my shoulders and forced me to kneel and when I opened my eyes I was right in front of his thing. 'Take it,' he told me. 'Suck me.' It was twitching so I cupped him in my hands and put my tongue to it and licked him along his length. 'No,' he told me, 'Take it right in.' I began sucking him and running my tongue all around it – I thought for a minute how vulnerable now

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he was. Then he told me to stop, that he wanted to come and told me to move against the wall. He pulled down my knickers and held himself in one hand while he guided himself under me and in. I'd never had it that way before – it was really strange.

*Quest:* Standing upright?

*Housewife:* Yes; he seemed to be filling me from new angles, different parts seemed to get sensitive quickly and I could feel my orgasm building. He then grabbed me around the back of my thighs and hoisted me up. He came out of me as he did it and as he was supporting me he told me to put it back. I held onto him and guided his tool inside me and held onto him round the neck. He then started thrusting into me while standing and I felt as though I was on fire inside. 'No,' I told him, but he didn't pay any attention and just kept on, telling me to shut up and that he'd bet anything that I'd never been fucked like that before. I orgasmed and literally collapsed on him for a few seconds and he continued pounding into me and then he said he was about to come and asked if I was on the Pill. I didn't even answer him for he pulled out and backed me onto the kitchen table just as he came. 'How's that for a fucking?' he said. Ten seconds later I began to come to my senses and wondered what I was doing, how smug he looked as he picked up my skirt and wiped himself on it and how he just casually buttoned himself up. He hadn't even taken his jeans off. All as though it was a perfectly natural and normal occurrence. I began to feel sick, the last thing I had wanted was to be used like that and to hurt my husband, of course. After fixing himself a glass of milk he went back to work in the garden without even so much as a thank you. Thank goodness the work only took that day but the worst thing of all was that he had to come back that night to be paid by David. I cried and cried until just before David came home and then tried to freshen up but he knew there was something wrong, although he never said anything.

*Quest:* Thank you very much.

*Two* **Typing clerk, female, 23-years-old, single, town of origin, Kingston**

*This interviewee left school at 16 with four O levels and has held various typing jobs since then. She now works for a large company in West London and shares a flat with two girls.*

*Quest:* What type of men attract you?

*Typist:* Anybody. No – I don't mean it to sound like that. You know what I mean. I'm not attracted to any particular type of man like big and muscular or blond or slim. It depends on the individual.

*Quest:* Why did you find Dave attractive?

*Typist:* I didn't find him attractive, really.

*Quest:* But you did have sex with him?

*Typist:* Yes. But it wasn't really because I found him attractive. It was something about him that attracted me. Anyway, when it all happened nothing could have been further from my mind than sex.

*Quest:* So what was it that caused you to agree to have sex with him?

*Typist:* I didn't really agree. Well, it wasn't rape but . . . It was because he was so tough and rough, not spiteful, though. He just didn't give me a chance to say 'no'. It all happened so quickly.

*Quest:* Did you enjoy it?

*Typist:* Yes. I must admit I did. To have a man treating me just as a sex object and using me was something I'd never experienced before. Most blokes I'd had sex with before then treated me like a valuable piece of glass. I think most girls like a bit of what I'd call caveman treatment once in a while.

*Quest:* Would you say that you were sexually experienced before your episode with Dave?

*Typist:* I wasn't a virgin. But I hadn't slept with that many blokes. Just a few.

*Quest:* How old were you when you lost your virginity?

*Typist:* Seventeen. That's how all this affair started, in a strange sort of way.

*Quest:* You mean with Dave, how?

*Typist:* Well, the first time I had sex it was with a young chap who was working on the road outside our house. It was in the summer and he was out there with his shirt off, all tanned and muscly. He used to whistle at me when I went past and after a few days we got chatting. Then one day my mother was out shopping for the afternoon and I asked him in for a cold drink.

*Quest:* Did you intend to have sex with him?

*Typist:* No. I was still fairly innocent. That's how it happened. We started to kiss and cuddle and before I knew it he was running his hand up the inside of my thigh, and across my knickers. It was the first time a boy had ever done that to me and I just melted. Before I knew what was happening he had me naked on the floor in the living room and was pushing his thing into me.

*Quest:* Did you enjoy it?

*Typist:* Yes. He must have been quite experienced because it didn't hurt at all. It was wonderful, and in fact often in bed at night, I think of his hard, lean body.

*Quest:* So how did that episode lead to sex with Dave?

*Typist:* He was foreman of a gang working outside our office block. They were there for a few months and the men always used to whistle at us girls when we went in and out. One of the men reminded me of the boy who took my virginity and I quite fancied him, to tell the truth.

*Quest:* But that wasn't Dave?

*Typist:* No. I had noticed Dave, but not to fancy him. He looked so tough, much tougher than the others and they were pretty strong-looking. He was always swearing at them and telling them to get a move on. He kept calling them a load of bleeding nancy-boys, I remember that. Sometimes he used to look at me and it gave me a sort of chill. It was as if he was looking right through my clothes.

*Quest:* But you didn't actually fancy him?

*Typist:* No. It was a sort of fascination, really, because he was so mean-looking.

*Quest:* How did you come to have sex with him?

*Typist:* It was all an accident. I never dreamed it would happen. If the young chap had asked me out I think I'd have said yes.

*Quest:* So why did you have sex with Dave?

*Typist:* It happened one evening. I'd stayed late to finish a bit of work my boss had asked me to do for the morning. So when I left the building it was dark and there was nobody around. It was raining as well, that's what started it.

*Quest:* Please explain.

*Typist:* I didn't have my umbrella and there is no shelter at the bus stop. I was in for a drenching but Dave was still on the site. The other men had gone home but he was still there. He asked me if I wanted to shelter in their site caravan and he offered me a cup of tea as well.

*Quest:* Did you think he had sex in mind?

*Typist:* No, he'd never whistled at me or said anything to me, like the others had.

*Quest:* So you accepted his offer?

*Typist:* Yes. It was pouring and I had quite a long wait for the bus, so I said OK. It was a poky little caravan, really small with just room for a table, a couple of chairs, and at one end there was a primus stove and a sink. Pretty dirty as well.

*Quest:* Was that where you and Dave had sex?

*Typist:* Yes. Not a very romantic place. But I couldn't imagine Dave in silk pyjamas and a smoking jacket anyway.

*Quest:* Did he seduce you?

*Typist:* Not really. He just sort of grabbed me.

*Quest:* Without any chatting up first?

*Typist:* Well. We chatted about my job for a few minutes, then he started asking me about boyfriends. I told him I didn't have a regular one and he said it was a pity a nice attractive girl like me wasn't getting a . . . a . . . I don't really like to say it.

*Quest:* Please continue.

*Typist:* Alright. He said it was a shame a nice girl like me wasn't getting a regular seeing to with a stiff prick.

*Quest:* How did you react?

*Typist:* It took me aback. It came as such a shock I couldn't believe I had really heard it. But it was too late by then.

*Quest:* Please explain.

*Typist:* When he'd said that he stepped over to me and kissed me hard on the mouth, pushing his tongue right down my throat. And his hand went straight up my skirt. He was pressing his body against me and I could feel his hardness against my thigh.

*Quest:* How did you react?

*Typist:* I was so surprised I responded to him. I think it was because he was being so rough that it got me going a bit. It didn't occur to me to say no, not that he would have stopped, I'm sure. That gave me a thrill as well, knowing I was helpless against his strength and toughness. He was very muscular and I wanted to feel his hard body using me. It was a strange feeling and one that I'd never experienced before.

*Quest:* So you had sex there and then?

*Typist:* Yes. As he kissed me his hand went up my skirt and he was pressing his thumb right into my slit, through my knickers. He knew what he wanted, and I wouldn't have been able to stop him, not that I wanted him to. By then I was starting to feel damp down there and I wanted him, wanted to feel him inside me. I reached for his tool and started rubbing him through his trousers, but when I went to unzip him he pushed my hand away and pushed me back onto the table.

*Quest:* Why?

*Typist:* He said he would give it to me when he was ready. Then he pushed my legs open and just tore off my knickers with one pull, and pushed his finger deep inside my slit. I was really wet by then and he slid another two fingers into me easily, working them up and down and pushing his thumb hard against my button.

*Quest:* Did you climax?

*Typist:* Yes. He was rubbing faster and faster and harder and harder until I couldn't stand it any more. I was begging him to put his tool inside me, but he just laughed and said not until he was ready. Then he told me to undo my blouse. I was still lying on my back with my legs open and still throbbing as he rubbed up and down my slit with his fingers, keeping me on the brink with his thumb all the time. When I'd undone my blouse he just pushed the cups off my boobs and moved his mouth down over each nipple in turn, sucking them very hard, almost hurting as he bit them.

*Quest:* Did he have actual sexual intercourse with you?

*Typist:* God, yes. He stood back from me and I watched as he undid his trousers and let them slip to his ankles. Then he pulled down his pants and I saw his tool. It was rock hard and I couldn't wait to feel it pounding into me. I began to rub myself as I watched him, but he just pulled my hands aside and pushed it right in, up to the full length. I gasped because it felt good and hurt a bit as well. But he didn't stop. He just kept pounding into me, faster and faster. He pushed his tongue into my mouth again as he rammed his tool right into me. I just wanted him to go on forever. He was really pushing deep into me.

*Quest:* Did you climax?

*Typist:* I should say so. It built up and up inside me until I could hardly stand it any longer. It felt so good I thought I was going to burst. Then I felt him flood inside me and that sent me over the top. I almost fainted it was so intense a climax.

*Quest:* What did he do then?

*Typist:* He pulled out of me and stood there watching me and smiling as I just lay there on the table, gasping for breath and trying to remember where I was. He was still hard and he made me crouch in front of him and take him in my mouth.

*Quest:* Did you?

*Typist:* Yes. I'd done that before anyway. Besides, I wanted to take him in my mouth, and he pushed it right in, grabbing my hair and telling me to suck. He climaxed again then told me I'd just make my bus if I hurried. He didn't even say goodbye or anything.

*Quest:* Did you see him again?

*Typist:* The crew were there for the next couple of days, then they moved on. I saw Dave, but he didn't say anything. He just smiled and winked as I went past. But I can still feel him inside me when I think back. There's something about being treated roughly that turns a woman on.

*Quest:* Thank you very much.

---

*Three* **Teacher, 29 years old, single, town of origin, Leicester**

*This female interviewee teaches history at a comprehensive school and lives in a flat on her own.*

*Quest:* How have you managed to remain single for so long?

*Teacher:* I'm hardly Farrah Fawcett am I.

*Quest:* I'm sure many men would find you attractive and sophisticated.

*Teacher:* Oh I doubt it, and I'm not the sort who hangs around in discos or goes to the college dances, so I suppose I don't bump into many eligible bachelors.

*Quest:* Would you like to then?

*Teacher:* I'm not about to jump into bed with every unattached young man I meet, although a steady, stable relationship with someone, to share interests and hobbies, would be nice.

*Quest:* Has there ever been a relationship like that in your life?

*Teacher:* Yes. For eighteen months while I was at university I went out with Nigel.

*Quest:* Was it a satisfactory relationship?

*Teacher:* In most respects.

*Quest:* Why did it end?

*Teacher:* We both graduated and drifted off to different parts of the country to teach. Of course, we kept in touch initially and I suppose about half-a-dozen times we went to stay with each other. But it's impossible trying to maintain a relationship with someone hundreds of miles away, so things just fizzled out.

*Quest:* You said the relationship was satisfactory in most respects. Not all?

*Teacher:* Nigel and I had a great deal in common. We both adored the ballet and opera, but there has to be more to a relationship than simply going out together. There has to be love as well.

*Quest:* And there were problems in this area?

*Teacher:* Not serious problems, but we both had different ideas about making love. Some evenings Nigel would kiss me goodnight and that would be it. At first I encouraged him to stay, but on those occasions I got the impression he was play-acting . . . going through the motions. He upset me once by saying that I was too demanding. Cheek! I wouldn't say that two hours' love-making at the end of an evening was too demanding.

*Quest:* Have there been any other relationships since you came to your present job.

*Teacher:* I did have a bit of a fling with the deputy head, but that just didn't work out at all. He would spend all evening talking about music – I could hardly keep my eyes open sometimes. And then there was the business with the caretaker – terrible when I think about it.

*Quest:* Why terrible?

*Teacher:* Well, he was so, so . . . common. Now don't get me wrong. I've nothing against working-class people – some of my good friends at university came from working class backgrounds – but Jim, the caretaker, seemed to take pride in being crude, loudmouthed and even dirty. In summer he would strut around school in his sweaty string vest with his great chest and arms. Quite a Mr Atlas.

*Quest:* How did you come to have a relationship with this unlikely character?

*Teacher:* I would hardly call it a relationship – more like being taken unawares and having my battlements stormed.

*Quest:* He didn't give you much choice in the matter then?

*Teacher:* He kept pestering me and making all sorts of crude suggestions.

*Quest:* Why didn't you report him?

*Teacher:* He never said anything to me when there was anyone else within earshot.

*Quest:* You could have avoided being on your own when he was around.

*Teacher:* Oh it's quite impossible to do that. There are plenty of times during the day when he has the opportunity of bumping into me on my own, especially after school hours when I stay late sometimes to do marking.

*Quest:* What sort of suggestions did he make?

*Teacher:* They really are quite rude if you don't mind me repeating them.

*Quest:* Please go on.

*Teacher:* The one he used to say most was: 'Come on, let me give you a quick licking' and another popular one was: 'How about giving this a suck' and he would point to the bulge in his trousers. It was terrible, quite terrible.

*Quest:* Still, you should have reported it.

*Teacher:* It was only my word against his, and I wouldn't like to have seen him sacked or anything.

*Quest:* But later he made a couple of passes at you?

*Teacher:* Grabs would be a better way of putting it.

*Quest:* How do you mean?

*Teacher:* I was in the corridor after school one evening and he crept right up behind me and grabbed me round the waist. It was just horseplay but it took me a good thirty seconds to struggle free, by which time his fingers had brushed between my buttons feeling the bare flesh of my breasts. And I distinctly remember as I was struggling I could feel the bulge in his trousers pushing into the crack of my bottom. And it wasn't the only time he tried it.

*Quest:* What happened the second time?

*Teacher:* It was in exactly the same spot two days later. I'd just finished my marking and was on my way to the common room when suddenly Jim stepped out of a classroom in front of me. I said something like: 'Now let me pass at once and stop acting so stupidly.' 'Now come on, miss,' he said, 'you know you enjoy it,' and with that he just grabbed me between my legs and started rubbing me down there over my skirt.

*Quest:* What did you do?

*Teacher:* There are times in your life when you look back and just can't understand why you behaved in a certain way. The point is, what healthy woman doesn't like

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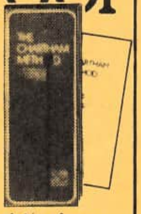

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being touched there? It had been so long since someone else's hands had touched me that it just sent a tingle through my whole body and I found it impossible to tear myself away. As Jim rubbed he started to gather my skirt up at the front and said: 'Let's see if all you teachers wear navy blue knickers.' But just then we heard a door crash down the corridor and Jim quickly pulled his hand away and we stepped apart as though nothing had happened.

*Quest:* How did you react afterwards?

*Teacher:* I can't explain why, but I had an almost light-headed feeling and felt tingly down there all the way home. And when I got indoors I wanted to check that I wasn't bruised or anything so I had a quick look. But when I went to take my pants down they stuck to me because I was so damp.

*Quest:* You later had full sex with Jim?

*Teacher:* Sex is the only way to describe it. You could hardly call it making love.

*Quest:* Please explain.

*Teacher:* It was early one Wednesday evening. I was later than usual – I'd had a meeting after school with some girls I was planning to take on a trip. After they'd all left I cleared up a few things and started walking down the corridor. But as I passed the door to the staff loo I thought I'd just pop in to save me bursting half way home. As I sat there I thought I heard the door go, but I didn't hear any footsteps or anything so I didn't think any more of it. I came out and began to wash my hands when suddenly I got the shock of my life. There were two faces in the mirror – mine and Jim's. I was so stunned I just froze on the spot. I said: 'Now don't do anything silly Jim', but he just grabbed me between the legs from behind. My God he was so rude.

*Quest:* In what way?

*Teacher:* He said: 'Made it nice and wet especially for me? I bet it was all slippery after the other evening, eh?' Of course, I didn't let on just how right he was and what I did after I got home to relieve myself. I just didn't know what to do for the best. It was no use screaming, and I couldn't see there was any point in fighting Jim. I could tell he was determined to get his way at any cost, and I was a bit frightened he might do worse than just have sex with me if I struggled.

*Quest:* So what did you do?

*Teacher:* I stood there leaning over the wash-basin. What else could I do? Jim's great hand was holding me in place by my crotch, and by now his other hand was pulling up my skirt. When it was all caught up above my waist he ran a hand between my knees and slid them up my stockings. And when his hand passed my stocking top I remember it was so cold on my inner thigh I jumped a bit. I tried to pull my leg away from his hand but all it did was to open them, much to Jim's delight. I think he got the message though, because he moved his hand away and put his finger tips into the top of my panties at the back so that the tip of his middle finger rested in the crack of my bottom. Then, without any warning at all, he just ripped my knickers down and lifted my feet off the ground so that he could get them right off.

*Quest:* What happened next?

*Teacher:* I was terrified what anyone would think if they walked into the loo. There I was leaning over the basin with my skirt tucked up around my waist and my bare bum poking out above my stockings. I said to Jim: 'Now don't be silly. What if someone comes in? We'll both get the sack.' 'They won't be able to get in,' he said, 'I've locked the door.' I thought to myself, now I really don't have any choice. I might as well lie back and enjoy it – or bend over. You see Jim had dropped to his knees and his face was right against my bottom. He pulled the cheeks apart with his thumbs and started running his tongue up and down the crack.

*Quest:* Did you enjoy it?

*Teacher:* There's no point in lying about it. Yes I did enjoy it. I suppose I even helped him a bit. Of course, Jim noticed this. 'Enjoy that, do you?' he said. 'Bend over a bit more.' It was the first time I'd ever had oral sex. Don't get me wrong, I've always wanted to try it, but Nigel would just never take the hint and do it.

*Quest:* Did you have full sex?

*Teacher:* Oh yes, and I think if Jim hadn't tried to have intercourse I'd have ripped his trousers right off after all the teasing from his tongue. But when he stopped licking me I thought that was it, until I felt his great hands on my hips and moments later he slid into me. It was almost like losing my virginity again. He seemed to fill me up so much and each stroke he pulled himself almost right out of me and then pounded back again so that his hips would crash against my bottom pushing me hard against the basin, while I gripped onto the taps for dear life. He seemed to have so much stamina compared with Nigel, but then abruptly he stopped.

*Quest:* Why was that?

*Teacher:* I thought he'd come although I hadn't felt it, but all he wanted to do was put on this Durex, spread my legs and take me from the front. As he spun me round it was the first time I saw him with his trousers down. His great white thing grew out of a mass of dark hair. He was moving quicker and quicker and I could sense something building up inside like no other orgasm I've ever experienced before. He gave one final push and jerked and stayed hard in and I could feel a sort of heat gushing into me as Jim and I came together. . . . I felt exhausted . . . drained, and I just slumped against the mirror. Jim took my knickers and wiped himself dry. He gave me a funny sort of look, got dressed and left me to climb down from the basin. I'm sorry, I've talked too much. Sometimes I get a bit worked up, but I'd never experienced sex like that before.

*Quest:* That's OK. Were there any other encounters with Jim?

*Teacher:* It's funny that. I certainly didn't want a repeat performance, and the strange thing was Jim didn't appear to either. It strikes me that people with Jim's 'smash-and-grab' attitude towards sex are really only after one experience with a partner.

*Quest:* Thanks very much.

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# ELAINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

It's funny how a chateau can turn a girl's head. Until Elaine Robinson stayed at one she would never have dreamt of modelling for Jean Rougeron. 'When I met Jean in London last year he asked me to model for him,' explained 22-year-old Elaine. 'Of course I said "no". I mean, I've never even sunbathed topless on the beach. But he said, "come and stay at my chateau, and I think you will change your mind". Naturally I accepted his invitation – after all it's not every day you get asked to stay in a castle – but I vowed I would stick to my guns, as well as my bikini.'

So Elaine packed her bag and headed for M. Rougeron's Villa La Pinéde at Mougins in France. She bathed her 35-24-35 body in the sunshine, she drank Cointreau and Calvados, she rode in a Ferrari 308 GTB, and she posed nude in front of a camera. 'I wanted to do it', said Elaine. 'It's hard to explain why. It was so different for me to want to do something like that, but you must understand that my surroundings were so different. The chateau is different from my Kensington flat, and the Ferrari was like a magic carpet compared with my 2CV. And when the other girl who was staying there stripped right off to sunbathe and Jean started to photograph her I thought to myself how beautiful she was and how silly I'd been to be ashamed of the parts of myself normally hidden by my bikini. So I asked Jean if he would photograph me in the nude as well. I've no regrets. I'm glad I asked.'

Elaine works as an assistant account executive for a London advertising agency and it therefore seems very likely that her colleagues will spot her in *Mayfair*. 'I'm not going to warn them,' said Elaine. 'I'll just wait and see if anyone recognises me. I'm rather looking forward to it, and I'll make damn sure there are a couple of issues of *Mayfair* lying around the office.' She then explained the strange effect seeing Jean's photographs had on her. 'He came to London and asked if he could leave a couple of things at my flat for a day or two. With them were the photographs of me. I stared and stared at them for hours on end. You know how weird it is when you see a photograph of yourself – well, imagine what it's like when you're nude. I just kept looking and the funny thing was I became very aroused by my own nudity. I'm glad I had the photos taken, otherwise I'd have thought I'd dreamt it all.'

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## LETTERS

*continued from page 12*

car feeling helpless and vulnerable.

He came back with some lame excuse and we drove right through Coventry city centre. My boyfriend made some joke about Lady Godiva.

Finally we got to his flat which is on the third floor of a decrepit Regency house in a side-street. It has its own drive and he pulled in off the street. He hopped out of the car, said: 'Come on,' and disappeared inside. I didn't know what to do. I waited ten minutes but he didn't come.

Finally I took a deep breath, looked round quickly, and stepped out of the car and into the house. My heart was thumping like mad. I ran up the stairs, past the doors to the other flats, praying I wouldn't meet anyone. I didn't, but his door was locked. I knocked quietly, then louder, and finally he came to let me in. I collapsed on a sofa in relief and burst into tears. I told him I'd never go out with him again, but he kissed me gently and started to explain that it was all for my own good, and that I'd get hurt one day unless I was more careful. I didn't really believe him, but it calmed me down and I asked him if I could put something on.

But he said I'd have nothing to wear until I washed my dress and dried it. I told him my dress was locked in the boot and he gave me the car keys and told me to go and get it.

I was mad then. 'All right, I bloody well will,' I said as I stalked out of the flat. Right then I didn't give a damn who saw me, or so I thought until I heard voices in the hall half-way down. My heart started thumping again. But what the hell? It was a private house and nobody would arrest me. So I trotted down the stairs.

Two of his flat-mates were talking in the hall. I said: 'Excuse me, please,' and pushed past them. It took them a few seconds to react. Then one of them whistled and the other shouted: 'Hey, miss.' I swallowed hard and turned round to face them. 'Yes,' I said. 'You've forgotten your dress,' he said. I replied: 'No, I'm just going to get it,' and hurried out of the door.

I unlocked the car, pulled out my soggy clothes, and was just going to walk back in when I had an idea. My boyfriend had given me his keys. I pulled the wet dress over my head, jumped in and drove off.

I dumped the car in a side-street just round the corner from my own flat. The seats were covered with mud, but I reckoned he deserved it. I left him a wet pair of knickers draped over the gear-lever as a souvenir, locked the door, chucked the keys down a drain and went home.

I never saw him again, I'm glad to say. I guess he learned his lesson. And I learned not to trust boys who humiliate you. But I'm still clumsy.

*(Name and address withheld)*

*We'd be only too happy to have you come and leave damp patches on the seats of our Ferraris any time.*

Many thanks for a second chance of seeing Pat Wynn in Vol 15 No 12, even if it was only one photograph.

The text said that you got a flood of mail in praise of older women after she first appeared in Vol 14 No 9, and yet since then there have been no more golden oldies.

Please, let's have more photographs of the more mature women in the 35-plus age group, as well as the usual top quality features of girls in their teens and twenties.

*R Green, St Albans*

What a magnificent issue your Christmas number was again, with no less than 37 different girls baring their boobs and pubes, as well as those who turned their backs on us, only to reveal a splendid bum.

Melanie Bloxham, without knickers and holding a bunch of grapes, brought my favourite fantasy into real life. My current partner always keeps a bowl of my favourite fruit and pops one into my mouth as I lick her bosom. We think we've found a position for mutual pleasure which is not in any book we have, so perhaps some of your readers would like to try it.

I was first taught this position, which my girl-friend and I have developed, by the older woman who initiated me into the secrets of giving and getting. Actually Pat Wynn reminded me of her, so three cheers again for maturity.

When I was about 17 an aunt I

In these days of ultra-sophisticated lovers striving after the ultimate sensation with the aid of black rubber apparatus, Japanese implements and so on, you may think my story is very naïve, but it will still bear the telling.

Without going into details my upbringing could have been designed to wreck my confidence and suppress my sexuality. As a result my sex life was lousy. I'd screwed a bit, of course, but it was never very satisfactory, and the successes were far outnumbered by the failures.

At the same time the rest of my life was in pretty good shape. I've practised a number of so-called dangerous sports and, though they are all safe enough if you know what you're doing, you certainly get a fine rush of adrenalin. As well as being great fun, they're good for the character. Knowing what you're doing is real, that you're probably dead if you get it wrong, but that you're competent enough to get it right, is a wonderful feeling and something which I think many people miss out on in our over-protective society.

My job doesn't exactly keep me fully occupied, and a guy in our office has one of the finest collections of erotic magazines I've ever seen. I reckon *Mayfair* is the best of the lot. The photography is excellent and though it is explicit it retains that all-important degree of good taste.

As I was reading somebody's account of superb sex in one of your issues, I realised the same old principle applied in another field. Have a go, I thought, give it a real try this time. After all, I decided, it is probably far nicer and less dangerous than some of the crazy things I've done for fun. I discovered what a fool I'd been not to realise that before. All the wasted years passed before my mind and I decided there would be no more of them.

A week later I was visiting a lovely girl I know. She'd been living with a guy when I first met her, and after they split up I hadn't made any move. By then I was pretty well established in the role of 'the good friend'. On this occasion though I had nothing planned, matters swiftly took their natural and delightful course, and we ended up in bed together. There was more tenderness than technique involved in what followed; you don't become a super lover without practice, and my experiences had been infrequent and unsatisfactory. But we still enjoyed each other all night and parted lovingly in the morning.

I think there is a moral to this story. When the Mary Whitehouses of this world talk about the 'evils of pornography' they are perpetrating a huge and evil lie on the public. Far from being a corrupting force, erotica can be a healing force, on the side of life and joy. It certainly helped my life, and after so many years set in a sterile and futile pattern that I thought it would never happen.

So to any other depressed, frustrated and despairing males out there I would say, cheer up, it will probably happen for you too someday. And thank you to all of you at *Mayfair*.

*N F, Leeds*

I am 18 years old but look only 16. You might think this is a disadvantage, but it has not proved to be for I have been extremely successful sexually

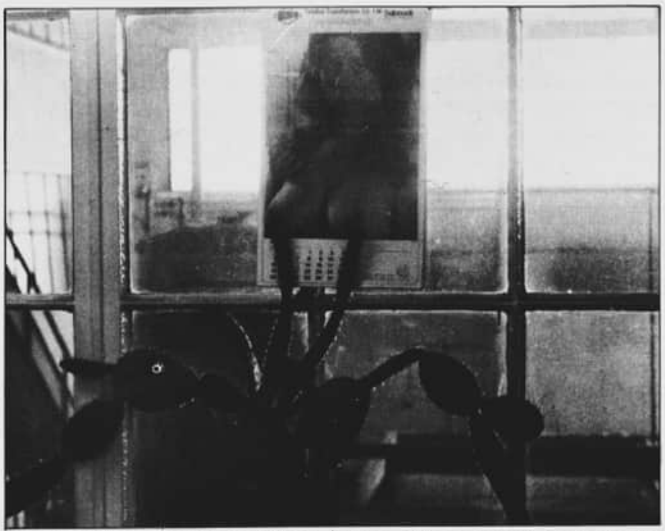
FUNERALS
UNDER-
TAKERS
FLAG
DAY
Arthur Reid

with women older than myself since I was 15. At that age I lost my virginity to a 30 year old woman living two doors away.

It happened when I was working in my neighbour's garden. The woman was sunbathing in her garden wearing only a tiny bikini and so I spent most of the time staring at her lovely, almost naked, body rather than working on the flowerbeds.

Then she got up, came to the fence and said: 'I bet that's hard work. Come into my house and I'll give you a cool drink.' I went through her gate and into the kitchen, hoping that she intended to give me more than a drink. She handed me a glass and as I drank she asked: 'Do you fancy me?' I almost choked on my drink and she went on: 'I hope that means yes because I'm going to have you.'

As she said this, she undid her bikini top to reveal a huge pair of firm tits. She slipped off her pants and said: 'You haven't got far, have you? Perhaps I'd better help you.' As I pulled off my shirt, she set about freeing my erection and then we were standing naked in front of each other.



She knelt down and flicked her tongue over the end of my erection before opening her mouth wide and taking it all in. In only a short time her sucking brought me to orgasm. I had many more orgasms that afternoon, as she did, and I realised just how wonderful sex is, and determined to get as much as possible from then on. After that I had a four month affair with her, at the same time laying two other women in my street and a couple of girls from school.

Now, three years later, I am very experienced and no longer wait for the woman to make the first move. And when a woman in her mid-twenties moved in next door last year, it was only a month before I enticed her into bed with me.

*W M, Newcastle*

Our office cactus had almost given up the ghost when by chance a *Mayfair* calendar was hung above it. The change was quite dramatic as you can see from the photograph which is quite genuine. Two leaves became erect and even grew finger-like leaves in order to assist the investigation of Miss October's charms.

Do you think this response is limited to the cactus, or could the reason that ancient gardeners always had statues of nubile young ladies be to encourage the flowers rather than visitors?

As fertilizers become prohibitively expensive or ecologically unacceptable, perhaps we shall eventually see hundreds of erotic scarecrows in the fields of England, stimulating our seed to greater effort, and all paid for by EEC economic grants.

*W S Brook, Brush Transformers*

*We always claimed that our* Mayfair *calendar could raise the pricks even on a cactus.*

I am a 20-year-old girl and to me the most momentous night of my life was when I lost my virginity. Up till then, for some reason, I'd always shied away from sex, at the expense of many relationships.

I had been going out with Dave for about two months when we went to his brother's house. He and his wife are avid readers of *Mayfair* and Dave got hold of a copy and showed me many of the pictures with various suggestions as to what we could do together. I was embarrassed and said no. Dave kept on about sex, but I always refused for some reason.

After a while Dave began to lose interest in me and all the sexy suggestions ceased. I decided that as I loved him I would sacrifice myself. One afternoon at home, alone, I had a bath and stood naked in my room in front of a full-length mirror. I thought: 'Face fairly attractive, nice long brown hair, nice figure, 36–22–37.' I'm quite small and not fat so my breasts seem quite large. I decided I had better get myself screwed soon if I was to keep Dave.

We were supposed to be going out for a meal that night so I decided that now was the time to do it. I put on a thin pullover. I wasn't wearing a bra and my nipples stuck through the thin material so I put on a cardigan to cover them. Then I put on some brown stockings and two garters which I had won at a local fair. I decided against pants and wore a maroon cotton skirt which was buttoned up the front. I've always liked high-heeled shoes so I put on the highest ones I had. I finished off with a lot of makeup around my eyes. I stood again in front of the mirror and found myself looking quite attractive.

Dave drove us to a restaurant where we had a smashing meal. After the meal I went to the loo, took off my cardigan and felt quite turned-on by the sight of my boobs hugged by

*turn to page 110*

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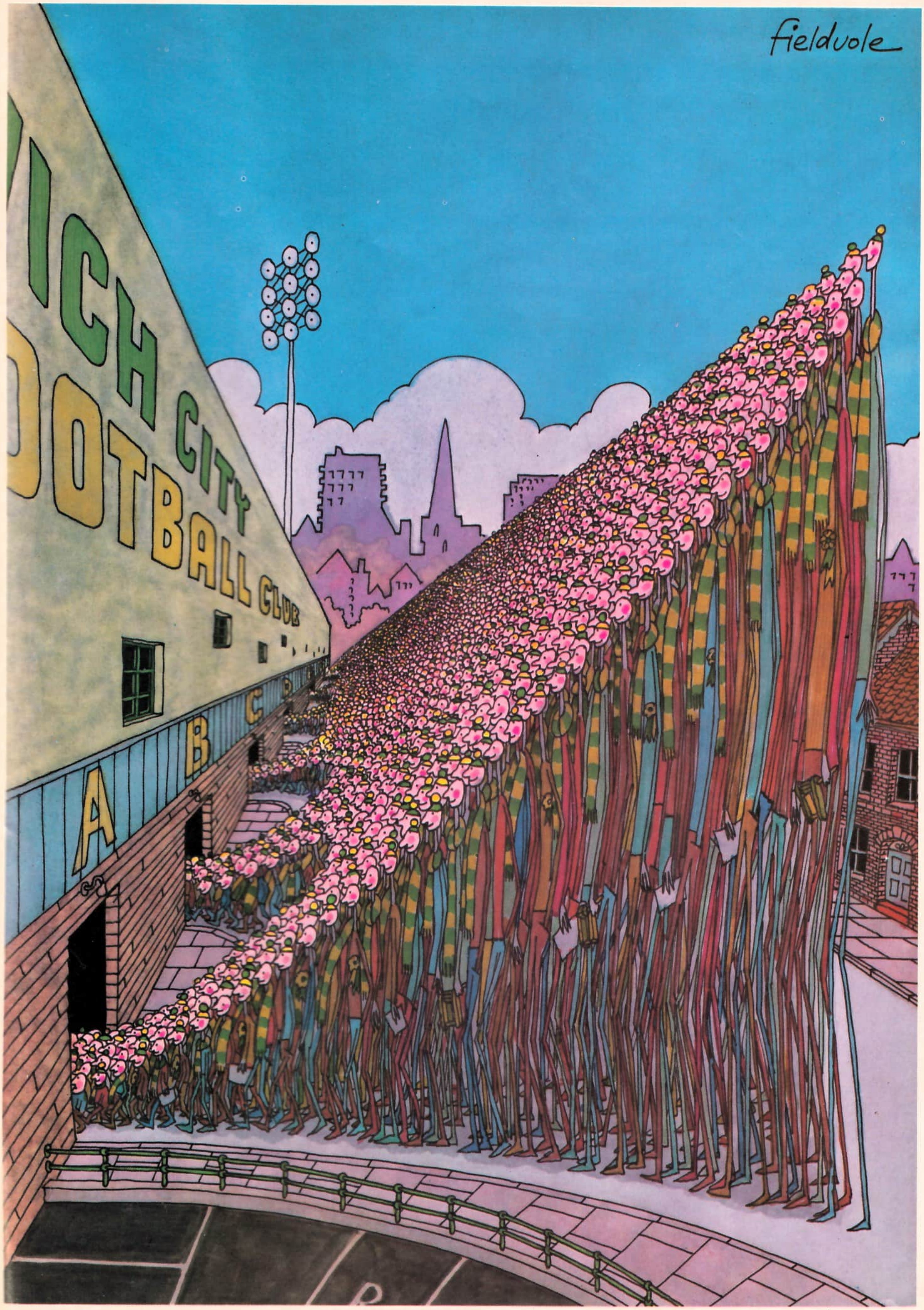
Garnet



fieldvole
ICH CITY
OTBALL CLUB
A
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# LETTERS

*continued from page 108*

the thin jumper. My nipples were clearly visible. I undid half the buttons on my skirt and lit a cigarette because I'd read that men find girls smoking very sexy, though I don't normally smoke. I returned to the table and Dave's eyes nearly popped out of his head. He said: 'That wine must have been strong.'

I sat next to him and kissed him lightly on the cheek, picking up my wine glass and crossing my legs so that a great deal of stocking was visible. I leaned back in the seat and pushed my breasts out as far as I could. I drew on my cigarette and blew the smoke roughly in his direction, using a little eye movement on him. Dave was clearly turned on, the front of his trousers proved that. He tried to speak and mumbled: 'If you've finished your meal I suggest we go home.'

My parents had gone away so I knew we would be alone. I sat on the settee and Dave poured me a drink. He put on a smoochy record and we began to dance. Dave lowered his hands down my back to my bum and started rubbing my buttocks through my skirt. He pressed me against him so I slowly gyrated my hips in time with the music, and his prick was beginning to develop.

I kissed him lightly and walked back to the settee. He followed, grinning, and sat next to me, looking into my eyes to see if it was all OK. I was too turned on by now to stop. Dave moved his head towards mine and as our lips made contact his hand touched my forearm and moved up. He stroked my breast with his hand and played with my nipples which were like organ stops by now. We kissed passionately and I moved my hand down to his fly.

As I felt his large, hard erection he murmured: 'This is it,' and undid the top of my skirt. He gently ran his fingers through my hair and placed his finger on my slit. I hurriedly undid his trousers and released his tool. He pushed my legs aside and pushed in his prick. At first it was quite painful, but then the ecstasy of love and sex overcame me.

The following morning I awoke first. Dave was still asleep but the nylon sheet clung to every contour of his body. I got up and felt a little sore down below but felt liberated. I was in the kitchen when Dave came down looking very haggard. He sat down and asked me what came over me. 'Love,' I replied as I dished up the breakfast. He ran his hand up the back of my legs and fondled my bum. I moved away and looked at him from the other side of the table. 'I didn't know you smoked,' he said. 'I don't,' I replied, 'but men find it very sexy don't they?' I reached for the packet and lit another cigarette. I didn't have a chance to take a second puff as I found myself on my back on the floor, being screwed ragged.

*(Name and address withheld)*

*And we always thought smoking was supposed to be bad for your health.*

I am compelled to write after having bought Vol 15 No 12 displaying the lovely charms of Margaret Nolan. It is most gratifying when you show a well-known face in your pages. I only wish your team could rummage around a bit more for some celebrity bodies. How about, for instance, the delicious Pamela Stephenson from 'Not the Nine O'Clock News'? The list is endless and others may include Suzanne Danielle, Kate O'Mara, Jenny Lee-Wright, Sue Cook from 'Nationwide', Gabrielle Drake or Shirley Anne Field. We enthusiasts need some names, not to mention bodies, which we can relate to. So keep up the good work.

*Graeme Huggan, Edinburgh*

THIS IS YOUR LIFE

*'. . . and finally, from every port . . .'*

I recently left some men's magazines at my girlfriend's house and her mother, who is very attractive and recently divorced, told me I could call round to collect them. When I arrived at the appointed time she told me my girlfriend was out and offered me a coffee. The mother is in her late 30's with long blonde hair, a lovely figure and a very firm, full, rounded bust which I greatly admired as my girlfriend is quite small.

We talked for a while drinking coffee and discussing an article in one of the magazines. Then she disappeared upstairs. When she came back it was obvious that she had removed her bra, for now I could clearly see her pert nipples protruding through her blouse, which she had undone to expose her cleavage.

She now sat close to me and suddenly, almost without realising it we were kissing, and she was stroking the inside of my thighs. I found myself holding her breasts and teasing her erect nipples through the blouse. She

*turn to page 114*

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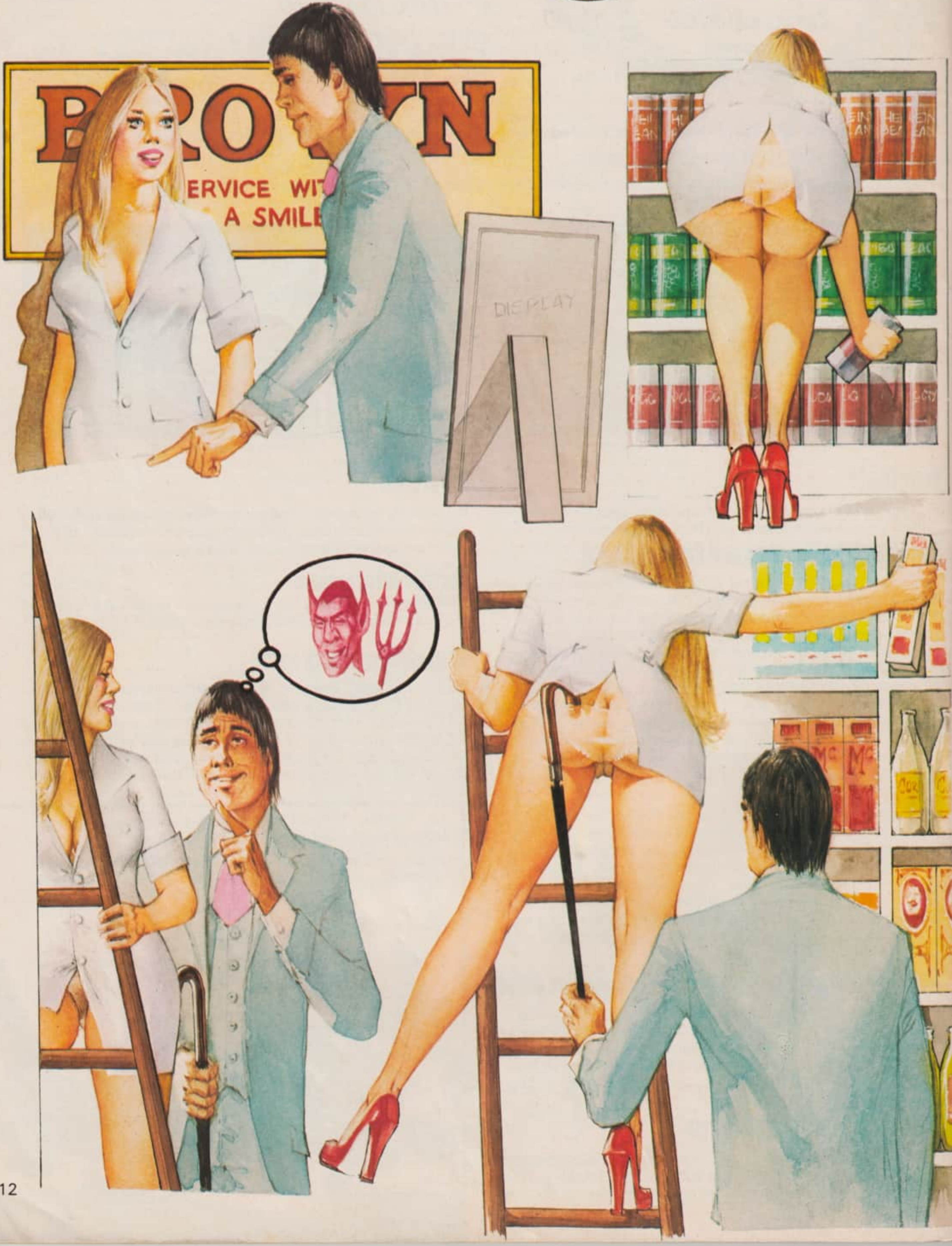
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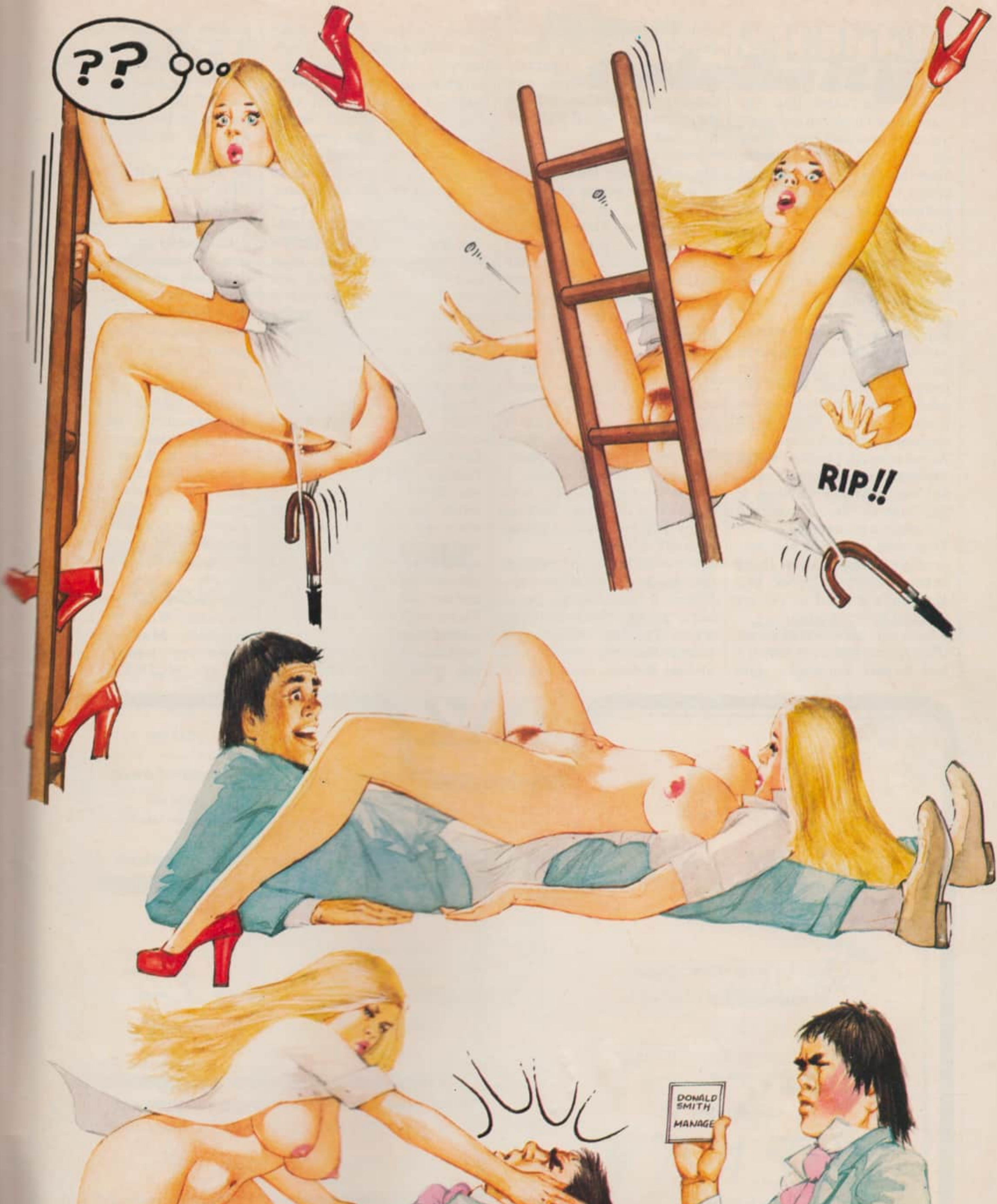
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RIP!!
DONALD
SMITH
MANAGE

# LETTERS

*continued from page 110*

slipped one hand into my trousers and took out my penis which by now was erect. Then she took me in her mouth, deep-throat style, sucking and kissing it. This is something my girlfriend has never mastered. I soon climaxed.

We quickly removed the rest of our clothing and I lay on the floor. She sat over me and began rubbing oil over my penis which made it swell quickly back to an erection which she guided hungrily into her opening. I clutched her pendulous breasts while she wildly bounced away on my rampant prick, bringing us simultaneously to a climax.

As we relaxed, I looked across the room and was shocked to see my girlfriend standing in the doorway. She had watched the whole performance.

They told me they had pre-arranged the whole thing because my girlfriend had apparently wanted to see me seduced by her mother.

Afterwards all three of us retired to the bedroom where I had a very enjoyable night while the mother taught her daughter how to deep throat properly. I now regularly satisfy both mother and daughter together which I find the ultimate in sexual joy.

*R A, York*

My wife's best friend is her aunt Pauline (name changed). Both women are 24, Pauline being the only child of a late second marriage. Elaine (name changed) and Pauline have been inseparable since their school days, in spite of being opposites in most respects.

Elaine is long-legged with flowing auburn hair and a figure resembling the winner of the Miss Nude USA contest which you recently featured so charmingly. Even her behind is beautifully plum-shaped. Pauline, however, is under average height, with black hair demurely framing an oval face and rather plump around the hips.

In their attitudes and hobbies both have gone different ways. Elaine, a pronounced extrovert, loves disco-dancing, while Pauline, withdrawn, attends classical concerts and idolises Brahms. And when it comes to sex, Elaine made love with more than a dozen men in short tempestuous affaires before we were married three years ago. Pauline was almost raped when, at 17, she was deflowered by an inexperienced young man. It terrified her so much that she did not try any more.

Once I told Elaine admiringly that her sex had the shape of a wide-open upright slit of a letter box. She laughed and said: 'Pauline's looks like a keyhole. For a Yale.key only.' She added that Pauline's sense of orderliness was troubled by her luxurious black bush, so she regularly trimmed it in the shape of a keyhole surround.

While both women respected each other's personalities, Elaine did attempt to convert Pauline to the pleasures of sex. She failed to arouse her interest until after our marriage when she enthused about our joys in bed. One day Pauline astonished her by saying that she now wanted a man, but me and me only.

Elaine and I had given up all entanglements once we were married, but as a good niece she made an exception for Pauline. She also consented to sit by our side to support Pauline while we were making love for the first time. Pauline insisted that Elaine must be present in the nude as otherwise she would feel embarrassed.

So when the great night came, there was Elaine, sitting at our bedside as God had created her. After initial fondling, Elaine gently opened Pauline's legs, I mounted her and Elaine delicately guided me into Pauline's tight pussy.

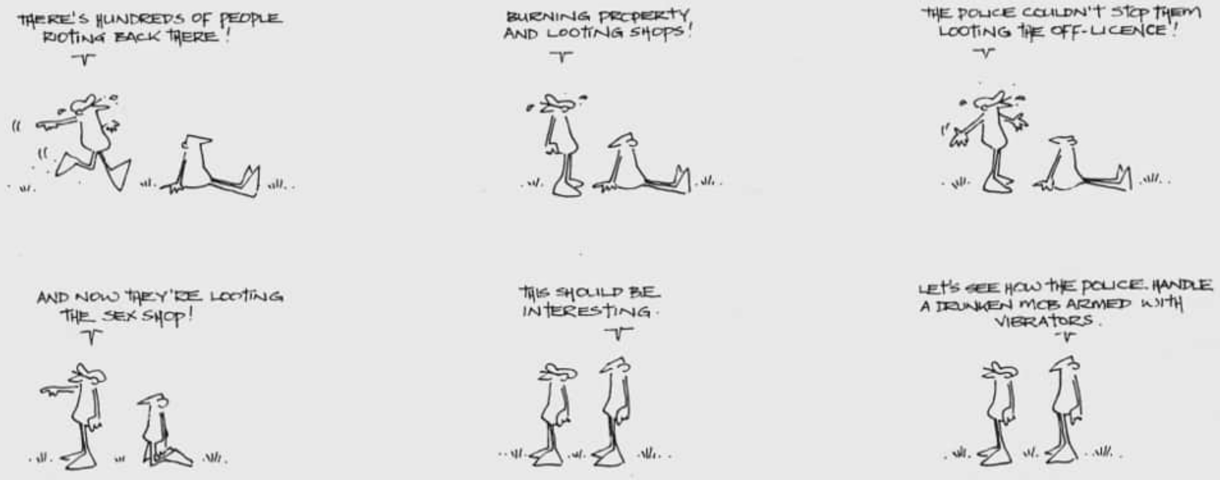
It is tight no longer. For 15 months now I have passionately stuck my key deeper and deep into the hole. Of course, this alternates with posting letters in my beloved's box.

She has grown adept at all sorts of sexual positions. Her favourite is the wheelbarrow fuck. I find it a somewhat strenuous exercise, but what would one not do to get in the good books (and key-hole) of one's sexy wife's revered aunt?

*(Name and address withheld)*

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

## CAZ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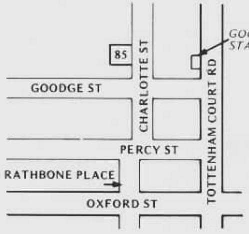

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